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Daily Mirror

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See Page 11.

No. 195.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

100 MILES AN HOUR—THE RACE FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP.



The finish of the Gordon-Bennett race. France wins! Thery, of the French team, wins by 11min. 18sec., having driven the 350 miles in 5hr. 50min. 3sec. His average speed throughout the course was sixty miles an hour, though at times his car travelled at the rate of 100 miles an hour. France has now won the race three times out of five. Janetzy, of the German team, was second. A portrait of Thery with his mask raised is in the corner of the picture.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

CYCLES (reliable); immediate delivery; cash or credit; catalogue free.—Hawleys, Reliable Works, Coventry. Samples, 52, Hatton-garden.

FASTER THAN THE HURRICANE

Thery Wins the Motor
Derby for France.

JENATZY OUTPACED.

Frenchmen Shed Tears of
Joy Over Germany's
Defeat.

EDGE ABANDONS THE RACE.

The great Motor Derby has been lost and won. Last year's champion, Jenatzky, the German, has been beaten after a terrific struggle by Thery, the champion of France. The first Englishman, Girling, finished eighth. Edge's car broke down, causing him to abandon the race.

1. THERY (France)	H. M. S.
2. JENATZY (Germany) ..	5 50 3
3. DE CATERS (Germany) ..	6 1 21
4. G. C. C. (Germany) ..	6 48 31

TRIUMPH OF SPEED.

By the Hon. JOHN SCOTT MONTAGU, M.P.

After an interval of two years—England having won in 1902 and Germany in 1903—France has regained the Gordon-Bennett trophy—France the Mother of Automobilmism. The winner, Thery, will be remembered by some British automobilists as a trick bicycle rider at the first Richmond Automobile Show in 1899.

As to the speed—think of it, the fastest train regularly running in Great Britain to-day is the Great Western express from Paddington to Bristol—118½ miles in 120 minutes. Thery's average over the course—353 miles—was exactly sixty miles an hour.

On his first round he covered 87.9 miles in 86 min., and this after shattering the turns and pulling up—a truly wonderful performance. The car was one of the lightest in the race; in fact in the French Eliminating Trials and was criticised on the ground that it had too little horse-power and was too fragile.

There is another incident in the history of the winning car which makes yesterday's performance all the more brilliant. Two days before the Eliminating Trials in France the whole hind part was burnt owing to an accident 100 miles from the works at Ivry, near Paris.

The train conveyed the charred remnants to the manufacturers, and in forty-eight hours the rebuilt car was on the road ready to compete again. The firm which could achieve this feat has well deserved the honour of winning yesterday.

The English team were unlucky, and their cars were undoubtedly not fast enough for the terrific speeds they had to compete against.

After the first round English hopes were high, for Edge had actually gained on Jenatzky, and seemed to be going strong. Afterwards the epidemic of accidents which affected so many other cars did not leave him unscathed; but the three English competitors plodded on to the end, and at any rate over the first round their joint average was only a little way behind the French team.

If the race is in existence next year, better luck may be ours.

John Scott Montagu.

THE RACE.

"Peace hath her victories no less than war." Yesterday, on German soil, beneath the eye of the German Kaiser, France gloriously avenged her defeat of '71.

The great race for the Gordon-Bennett Trophy was run four times round a course of about 87½ miles—353 miles in all.

The course, full of sharp turns, and in places very hilly, was one calculated to test the power of the cars and drivers alike to the utmost. Yet the winner covered the distance at the rate of a mile a minute! Far faster than any train would travel with such gradients and sharp turns.

The feature of this year's contest—apart from the great speed of the race—was the absence of any serious accidents. The German organisers

made their arrangements with characteristic Teutonic thoroughness, and the fatalities which so frequently marked great motor races were happily avoided.

THE START.

The weather was glorious and the arrangements perfect. The roads were dry, and their surfaces so prepared that dust was only noticeable by its absence.

The brilliant cosmopolitan gathering that had assembled from all parts of the world to witness the great race was early astir, and long before six o'clock there was an immense concourse at the starting and determining point below the old town of Saalburg.

The great racing machines were by six o'clock ranged in line on the little hill which runs down to the timing-boxes, and the variety of builds presented strange contrasts, the French cars having torpedo-pointed bodies, while the German and English cars were square-fronted.

At half-past six, amid loud cheering, the German Emperor and Empress arrived, the former on horseback. With them were the Princess of Prussia and the Imperial suites.

They took their places on the royal stand and received the acclamations of the assembly, and then his Majesty descended and spoke a few words to Jenatzky, the German champion, who won the cup in 1903 last year.

Punctually at seven the first car, Jenatzky's Mercedes, was dispatched. With a rush the monster dashed off like a thing of life. As he passed the grand stand, like the gladiators of old, he saluted his Emperor, and as his salute was returned a roar of applause went up from the vast concourse.

Seven minutes later Edge, the English champion, was heartily cheered as he started off. He seemed to get away from the mark rather slower than the German had done, but in a few hundred yards he had developed a terrific speed. After him at intervals of seven minutes Girling (of Austria), Cagno (of Italy), Thery (of France), and the others of the eighteen competitors were successfully dispatched.

DE CATERS AGAIN UNLUCKY.

All got away well, but Baron De Caters, the German representative, who rode so well in Ireland last year and was beaten through his axle breaking in the final round. He had a breakdown just after the start, and lost thirteen minutes making repairs.

By the time the eighteenth car was sent off the crowd settled down to breakfast, and began looking for the leading competitors to complete the first lap. The spectacle was brilliant in the extreme, aristocrats, ladies and gentlemen of all nations, were there, and no sight could have been more picturesque.

Soon after the last racer had started Jenatzky, the German, travelling at a terrific speed, came in sight, and passed amid a hurricane of cheering.

One after another the competitors followed each other in rapid succession, and the excitement was intense. Each nationality showed the nervous tension in characteristic fashion. English were comparatively quiet, and the Germans unostentatious, but as the race went on, French, Belgians, and Italians shrieked, wept, and danced with excitement.

In the first round England did well, but she was some time behind both France and Germany, and after the second round her representatives never looked like winning. Edge was reported to have had troubles with his tyres, and half-a-dozen other competitors broke down altogether.

THERY'S MAGNIFICENT DRIVING.

On the second round the Frenchman, Thery, driving magnificently, gained perceptibly on Jenatzky. Edge had more trouble with his tyres, and was left hopelessly in the rear. Of the English Girling did best.

In the third round the Frenchman, driving at hurricane speed, left the German and all other competitors far behind. The heat during this lap was terrific, and the spectators felt it keenly, but, travelling like the wind, the competitors showed no sign of exhaustion.

The wild excitement of the French, when their champion was found to be ten minutes ahead, passed all bounds.

Girling had done best for England. Edge, an hour and twenty minutes behind the leader, was forced to get out of it, and shortly afterwards retired altogether.

Mad excitement possessed the spectators as the end of the race approached. The splendid times done by the leaders, the closeness of the French and German champions, the international jealousy, roused French and Germans to frantic demonstrations.

WEeping WITH JOY.

When at last, driving as he had done all through with hurricane speed, Thery rushed up a winner by eleven minutes a storm of wild cheering greeted him. The French were beside themselves. They threw hats in the air, screamed, embraced each other, and wept with delight.

The French champion finished close behind the German. It was obvious to the delighted Frenchman that he had won.

And though they triumphed in French fashion they were entitled to elation. Never has a race been more splendidly contested. Never has a triumph been better deserved.

The first Englishman to finish was Girling, who came in eighth, in 7 hours 22 min. 54 sec.

After some of the enthusiasm that marked the finish of the race had subsided, the winner was presented to the Emperor and Empress by the president of the French Automobile Club, Baron De Zuylen, and received the Imperial congratulations.

SKRYDLOFF DEFIED.

Japanese Troops Refuse To
Surrender and Boldly
Face Death.

STACKELBERG'S RETREAT.

Critical Position of the Port
Arthur Relief Column.

Graphic details are given of the scene at the sinking of the Japanese transport Hitachi Maru by the Vladivostok squadron. Admiral Kaminura's fleet is in pursuit of the Russian ships, and while it was reported yesterday that a naval battle was in progress another report says that the cruisers have safely reached Vladivostok.

No further fighting is reported with General Stackelberg's column, but it is said that his retreat has been cut off.

General Kuroki announces the occupation by his forces of an important position in the north-east of Manchuria, indicating that the movement to descend on Mukden and Liao-yang is developing.

PURSUING THE CRUISERS.

Beyond the fact that the Russian Vladivostok squadron was sighted off Ikishima on Thursday nothing is known of its whereabouts. It is announced from Tokio that Admiral Kaminura's fleet started on Wednesday morning pursuing the Vladivostok squadron.

TOGO'S CONFIDENCE.

From Nagasaki a telegram states that fears are being entertained there that the town will be bombarded by the Vladivostok squadron.

Admiral Togo, however, has sent a message by wireless telegraphy tranquillising the people, and promising that, "unless the Russians regain Vladivostok harbour and shut themselves up, there will in a few days be none of them left."—Exchange Telegraph Company.

"DECKS AWASH WITH BLOOD."

TOKIO, Friday.

Survivors from the Hitachi Maru say: "We sighted the Russian ships at seven o'clock in the morning, and on a signal from them we stopped. At ten o'clock, however, we attempted to escape.

"The Russians followed and opened a heavy fire. They were evidently attempting to kill the troops on board. The fire was terrific. In a few minutes the decks were covered with corpses and were awash with blood.

"A shell struck the engine-room, killing 200.

"The ship sank gradually by the stern, and at six o'clock was completely submerged. Captain Campbell, the English master of the transport, jumped overboard at two o'clock, and is now missing.

"LEAVE THE SHIP."

"The commander of the troops ordered the flag to be burned, and then killed himself. The second mate also committed suicide. Many of the crew and of the troops escaped in boats.

"The Sado Maru is still afloat, though badly damaged. She did not obey the Russian signals to stop.

"The Russians fired and signalled 'Leave the ship.' The crew took to the boats, and many escaped. The ship was set on fire.

"The Tosa Maru rescued the survivors of the Hitachi Maru."—Reuter's Special.

Capt. John Campbell, commander of the Hitachi Maru, is the son of a Darlington schoolmaster, and is married. He is thirty-seven years of age.

NAVAL BATTLE REPORTED.

It is believed in St. Petersburg that a naval battle is in progress near Ikishima, between Skrydloff's squadron and Kaminura's ships.—Reuter.

A telegram from Harbin reports that several cruisers have safely returned to Vladivostok harbour.

FORCING THE BLOCKADE.

From St. Petersburg it is reported that three or four warships have forced the blockade at Port

Arthur, with the object of joining Admiral Skrydloff's squadron.

KUROKI FORGING AHEAD.

General Kuroki reports that a detachment occupied on June 12 Huai-jen, sixty-five miles north-east of Kuan-tien.

He adds: The enemy consisted of 300 Russians and 300 Manchus.

Kuan-tien is on the Ai-ho, about forty miles north of the Yalu mouth.

Huai-jen is about 100 miles east of Liao-yang.

STACKELBERG'S PERILOUS POSITION.

There has been no development of the situation reported after the Russian defeat at Wa-fang-kau, but messages from St. Petersburg convey a rumour that General Stackelberg's retreat has been cut off.

Another telegram says that the position of the Russians who are retreating on Wa-fang-kau, is extremely critical, as the Japanese armies under Generals Nodzu and Kuroki are in close proximity. —Exchange Telegraph Company.

STIFF FIGHT REPORTED.

Reports from Newchwang say that the Japanese are landing in force a few miles south of Kaichau, and that a stiff fight occurred south-east of that place on Thursday afternoon.

There is an unconfirmed rumour from St. Petersburg that General Stackelberg, who commanded the Russian forces at Wa-fang-kau, was wounded.

DIED IMPENITENT.

Cornish Murderer's Callous Letter
to His Mother.

On the body of Charles Berryman, found in a pool at Castle-an-Dinas, was found the following letter:—

My Dear Mother,—Kindly drop Miss Skinner a line and she will send on my boxes. I have everything packed except the alarm clock. I hope they will share my lot equally amongst them without letting the public know. You know what I mean. Give Harry my photo. I promised it to him when I was at Torquay last week.—I remain, your affectionate son, CHARLEY.

This was read at the inquest yesterday at St. Columb. It caused the coroner to remark that if the jury decided it was written on Saturday they could not avoid the conclusion that the tragedy was premeditated.

The coroner briefly recalled the circumstances of the terrible crime which has shocked the quiet Cornish countryside.

Miss Rickard, who was found so foully murdered on Sunday morning, was last seen with Berryman on Saturday evening on the hill leading to Castle-an-Dinas, both with bicycles.

It was not until Thursday, after a hue and cry throughout Cornwall, that the body of Berryman was found. It was in a small pool quite close to Castle-an-Dinas, with a bullet wound in the head; and a revolver was picked up in the pool.

The inquest was adjourned until Monday, when the inquest on Miss Rickard will be resumed.

Psychologists are keenly interested in the jury's verdict, as the case presents unusual features of scientific interest.

REJANE'S TRIUMPH.

Famous Actress Appears with
M. Coquelin.

Many things tended to make last night the most memorable one of Réjane's present season at the Prince of Wales's.

It was the occasion of the first performance in London of "La Montansier," it was the first time M. Coquelin has appeared in London on the same stage with Réjane; and, further, "La Montansier" gives Madame Réjane an opportunity for one of the finest exercises in sheer acting that her whole repertoire affords.

As the manageress of a theatre she is represented as having quarrelled with her husband. An old actor of the company, brilliantly played by M. Coquelin, suggests that La Montansier should play Mathurine to the Pierrot of her husband, and anticipate the real reconciliation by making love to him upon the stage.

The plot succeeds. Madame Réjane has to change in her play from feigned to sincere emotion, and finally drops sobbing at her husband's feet.

In subtlety of shading, as in depth and genuineness of feeling, it is doubtful if any other actress could even approach to the sheer virtuosity of Réjane.

Coquelin, too, has plenty of picturesque, Cyranoesque chances as the old actor. For the art of both, "La Montansier" proved itself a fine vehicle, used for all it was worth, and a good deal more.

DEATH OF GENERAL BOBRICKOFF.

General Bobrikoff, the Governor-General of Finland, died yesterday from the wound inflicted on him by Eugene Schaumann at Helsinki.

An operation was performed, and the bullet extracted, but without avail.

DOWIE AS THE ARTFUL DODGER.

Pays Another Flying Visit to London.

ELUDES HIS PURSUERS.

"Dr." Alexander Dowie paid a flying visit to "wicked" London yesterday. Though his visit was a short one, it was an exciting one. His every movement was hunted by newspaper representatives, and the dogged "Profit" got no peace until he was safe in the train at Euston.

The disappointed "Dr." arrived at Charing Cross Station from Boulogne at 3.40 yesterday afternoon, and after spending two hours dodging newspaper men, at 5.30 left Euston for Liverpool, from which port he will sail to-day by the ss. Lucania for New York and Zion City.

The "Profit," with Mrs. Dowie, Mr. Gladstone Dowie, and Mr. Stern, the secretary, left the Grand Hotel, Wimerca, shortly after ten yesterday morning.

To avoid the ubiquitous journalists they escaped via the scullery and the stable entrance.

Dowie's Feast.

Nothing was seen of the founder of Zion City on the boat crossing the Channel. He spent his time below eating. For Dowie the repast was a simple one. He contented himself with sandwiches, apricots, strawberries, and cherries.

As Dowie stepped out of the boat-train at Charing Cross he looked a most dejected figure.

There was no hand and no flags to cheer him. He was met by Deacon Bush and several other Zionists from the Euston-road.

Without wasting any time he got into a pair-horse, closed landau, and Mr. Stern in a loud voice told the driver to make for Upper Richmond-road, Putney. This was to deceive the newspaper men who were on his track.

In the landau, with the blinds drawn, Dowie drove down Pall Mall and into St. James's Park. On reaching Marlborough House he turned up Constitution-hill to Hyde Park Corner.

Clever Ruse.

As the landau passed into Hyde Park Mr. Stern, who was sitting on the box-seat, turned round and grinned at the Pressmen, who were following in hansoms. Cabs are not allowed in the Park.

It was evident that Dowie was not going to Richmond. He spent about an hour in the Park, turning up one drive and down another. At last, hoping evidently that he had eluded his followers, he left the Park by Notting Hill Gate, turned up the Edgware-road, and finally ended his exciting drive at Euston Station.

He hid in the waiting-room, and after a brief period left Euston by the 5.30 train for Liverpool.

Travels as a Prince.

The notorious "Profit" does everything on a scale of princely magnificence, so far as his own personal comforts are concerned. He travels with all the outward pomp and vanity of a prince of this wicked world, and not as a humble High Priest of Zion City.

At 5.30 last night he joined the Liverpool express, and had a section of the first-class dining-car specially reserved for himself and party.

LADY STOP-OUTERS' CLUB.

Working Women's Social Hotel in Piccadilly.

On Monday the doors of the Lyceum Ladies' Club open on Piccadilly, never to close. At all hours of the day or night the club is to be open to members, and the hinges of the wide-open front door will rust with disuse.

It is a novelty even for London—an all-round-the-clock club. Previous efforts in this direction have not proved encouraging. But to find the daring experiment tried at a ladies' club has caused amazement in clubland.

It is to be a club for professional women. Lady journalists especially are to have their comfort studied by an express service of messengers to newspaper offices to carry copy.

Provision is made for the lady votaries of the tobacco habit. A spacious smoking-room, with deep arm-chairs, awaits them.

Opportunity for members to look their best has not been forgotten. A hairdressing and manicuring salon is on the premises, with the most up-to-date appliances.

Economy in the catering department is to be carried to a fine point.

Lunch is to cost ninepence, served at separate tables, and an excellent dinner may be had for a shilling. The entrance fee is £1 1s., and the annual subscription £2 2s.

ESCORTED BY THE QUEEN.

Her Majesty Takes Prince John Round the Castle Moat.

DISAPPOINTED TOURISTS.

The Queen acted as guide to Prince John of Glucksberg yesterday afternoon. While society people were enjoying the races at Ascot, her Majesty put on a straw hat and accompanied Prince John on a walking tour round Windsor Castle.

The Queen was attired in a quiet grey dress, and took the arm of her distinguished relative. On leaving the Grand Quadrangle she turned sharply to the right and went round the moat of the Round Tower.

On the way her Majesty pointed out many objects of interest to her companion, ancient stones and relics of bygone ages placed on the ledge of the Castle wall, which skirts the green, sloping lawn leading to Saint George's Gateway.

Near the entrance to the Dean of Windsor's house a lady attired in a lovely white dress met the royal party and accompanied them to the Albert Memorial Chapel. Many visitors who were strolling round the Castle failed to recognise her Majesty, and two servants, in caps and aprons, who had run out of the Canon's Cloisters to get a breath of fresh air on the Castle Hill, were quite taken aback as they almost ran into the Queen and Prince John of Glucksberg near the Albert Memorial Chapel. They blushed when they recognised that they were standing beside the Queen of England.

Always Most Gracious.

Her Majesty bowed to the humble domestics in caps and aprons as they curtseyed low to the Queen. This pretty little incident ended, her Majesty visited the magnificent tomb of her beloved son, the Duke of Clarence, and stayed some time by his grave. The Queen also pointed out to Prince John the tomb of the Duke of Albany, and the various magnificent monuments and precious marble in the beautiful chapel where Queen Victoria's remains rested embowered in flowers the night before the interment at Frogmore.

After leaving the chapel the Queen and Prince John continued their walk about the grounds of the historic Castle and returned to their apartments about five o'clock.

A party of American ladies, who said they had come to Windsor on purpose to see the Queen, just missed her Majesty, and their faces were a study. They ran to the police inspector at the Castle and asked him if he thought they would meet the Queen if they stayed a few hours, but the inspector told them it was very improbable. "Then we must see the King," said the Americans, and they raced off to the Long Walk to await his Majesty's return from Ascot.

BROKE IN OUR WARS.

Naval Invalids Arrive at Plymouth from Somaliland.

Pale and haggard, their constitutions shattered, eleven naval invalids arrived at Plymouth yesterday on the P. and O. liner Persia from Somaliland.

Eight were suffering from dysentery, the result of the fearful climate, the other three—viz., Chief Petty Officer Hardman, Able-seaman Rawlings, and Seaman Love—from gunshot wounds received in the attack on Illig on April 21.

Four hundred men then formed the naval detachment, with 125 of the Hampshire Regiment, had a severe but successful encounter with the followers of the Mad Mullah.

Love was shot in the right cheek, the bullet coming out through the left.

Rawlings, fighting desperately with two desperadoes, was shot from behind in the hip, and he fell critically ill.

Hardman, shot in the neck, has practically recovered.

GOLFER DIES AT PLAY.

Mr. J. G. Hodgson, a gentleman living at Boscombe, Bournemouth, died suddenly yesterday on the Portrush Golf Links.

He had entered for an open competition, but feeling unwell, he scratched, and instead commenced playing a friendly game, when he was seized with a heart attack, and died in a few minutes.

In consequence of his death the competitions which were in progress have been postponed.

DEATH FROM THE HEAT.

A young girl about nineteen years of age, employed at the Royal Army Clothing Stores, Piccadilly, dropped dead while at work there yesterday afternoon. She had apparently been overcome by the heat.

LOYALTY OUT OF ORDER.

How Bandsman Carlton Met the King at Ascot.

Private W. Carlton, bandsman in the Royal Army Medical Corps at Aldershot, has suffered the first blot on his fair record as a soldier by an excess of loyalty.

He was brought before his superior officers yesterday morning and admonished for irregular conduct, which he freely admits, but the irregularity of which did not occur to him at the time.

On Tuesday he paid a visit to Ascot with a number of comrades to see the King, and incidentally the racing.

As he is a cornet player in his band, he took his instrument, which is his private property, with him.

His loyalty and patriotism overcame him. At the sight of the King, and on the spur of the moment he raised his cornet to his lips and played the National Anthem as the royal carriage approached. The solo was well performed, and as the crowd surrounding the soldiers took up the hymn their Majesties' attention was arrested.

One who was present told a *Mirror* representative yesterday that the Queen saw Carlton first, and when she called the King's attention he raised his hat.

The incident was reported against Carlton next day, but he was not put in the guardroom till yesterday morning, and then his detention was of short duration.

The military authorities consider to admonish him is sufficient punishment for a foolish but well-meant action.

BAGPIPES CHARM ALAKE.

The Pibroch Makes Him Wave His Fly Whisk with Joy.

An interesting surprise was provided for the Alake of Abokuta yesterday at Aberdeen when he listened for the first time to the pibroch of the bagpipes, and was induced to try his strength on a muscle "developer."

When the Alake drove into the barrack-yard at Castle Hill, he alighted from his carriage and inspected a body of Gordon Highlander recruits who had been drawn up.

The pipers then struck up the tune of "Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff," whereupon the Chief's face beamed with delight. The soldiers screwed up their pipes and made them skirl, and as they marched past the Alake he watched them with open-mouthed astonishment, made loud exclamations of wonder and amazement, and waved his sceptre excitedly. Other clans followed, and played, greatly to the delight of the dusky monarch.

Alake's Display of Strength.

He afterwards proceeded to the gymnasium, where an instructor had a short "go" at the "punch ball," it being explained to the Alake by the secretary that this was how they trained the soldiers to fight, not with rifles and bayonets, but with fists. The Alake was immensely delighted, and shook his sceptre again and again towards the instructor in appreciation of the performance.

The instructor next took a physical developer, and after an exhibition of its action on the muscles of the arm the Alake was persuaded by Major Neish to have a trial on the developer.

Handing his sceptre and his head-dress to his secretary, the Alake worked the developer quite easily, his performance being greeted with loud applause by the onlookers, at which he was greatly pleased.

JAPS IN BOOTH'S ARMY.

To Attend Next Week's Congress at the Tin Tower of Babel.

Among the hundreds of delegates to the Salvation Army International Congress, perhaps the most interesting figures are the Japanese, who arrived on the Polynesian on Thursday.

They are four little brown men and two little almond-eyed ladies, dressed, not in their national costume, which they will wear at the S.A. Congress, but in the familiar peaked caps and bonnets that belong to the uniform of the home members of the Army.

Their names are "Colonel" Yamamura; "Adjutants" Takahashi, Yabuki, and Takagi, and "Captains" Sodani and Washimi.

The men are good linguists, and can carry on a conversation in English with fair success.

Colonel Yamamura is the Salvation Army Japs' Editor-in-Chief, and is responsible for the Japanese equivalent of the "War Cry."

Two of his fellow Japs are instrumentalists, but as their ideas of music do not accord with those of the leaders of the English S.A. bands, they will not perform during the congress.

His Majesty's new armoured cruiser Essex arrived at Sheerness yesterday with orders to join the squadron which will escort the King to Kiel on June 23.

TOUR TO PORT ARTHUR.

Trip Through the War Area on a Captured Ship.

COMPETITION FOR BERTHS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

TOKIO, Friday.

A personally-conducted tour to Port Arthur has already commenced under the official auspices of the Japanese Government.

Invitations were issued to many leading Japanese and foreign visitors to make a tour through the war area, finishing up at Port Arthur just after the fall of that fortress.

The vessel selected was the Manchuria, a steamer captured by the Japanese early in the war, a powerful big liner accustomed to carry passengers and providing ample and superb accommodation.

"The Mirror" on Board.

The Government fitted the vessel out in a lavish way and issued invitations to a large number of the members of the Japanese Parliament, some of the chief officials, many foreign visitors, and a few selected correspondents, one of whom is the representative of the *Daily Mirror*. There was great competition for places. This is the one opportunity afforded the Japanese public of learning really what was going on.

The vessel sailed on Sunday and reached the great naval port of Kure on Wednesday. There the arsenal and dockyard were visited, and the sightseers were shown all objects of interest bearing on the campaign. Entertainments were given both by the local authorities and on board the vessel itself.

The vessel then left for Sasebo, and is going on to Korea, where hasty visits will be paid both to Chemulpo, to see the debris of the Varig and Korietz, and to Chinampo, where the main Japanese landing took place. Thence the journey will be continued to the Yalu, and the company on board hope to be in time to see the first attack on Port Arthur.

News of the War.

All the latest news is regularly posted on board, as the ship carries wireless apparatus.

The movements of the Russian fleet have caused some uneasiness, but assurances have been received from Admiral Togo that he will look after the illustrious passengers. As a matter of fact, so great is the confidence that a sweepstakes is now in progress on board as to when Port Arthur will fall. The subscriptions are limited to one yen, or 2s.

Reports coming in from the ports where the ship touches say that the journey presents the appearance of a triumphal progress, and so great is the impression made on the minds of the passengers that the Government will meet Parliament with its position assured.

RATE-WAR IN THE SALOON.

Passengers Could Be Profitably Carried to America for £7.

The Cunard Company have carried the rate war into the Continental ports, and have their agents busily engaged in shipping emigrants at £3 from Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam, and Antwerp to New York.

The managing director of one of the Liverpool-Atlantic lines said yesterday, "The best way for the Cunard to make the German lines come down is to cut the saloon and second-cabin rates on the Continent."

"They can keep them up in England, and it is much better than fighting over steerage passengers. 'Saloon passengers can be carried across the Atlantic at £7 per head and then there would be a good profit.'"

The White Star Line have issued a notice to their agents to redouble the precautions against shipping undesirable to America. The agents who doubt the eligibility of any intending emigrant are advised to refer to the head office for a decision.

"LIKE LORD DUNDONALD."

Mr. Borden, the Conservative leader in the Canadian House of Commons, was yesterday presented with a cabinet of silver ware on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, the ex-Premier, in making the presentation, caused some amusement by declaring that he would probably come in the category of "foreigners," as, like Lord Dundonald, he was born in Great Britain, and had therefore no right to express a political opinion.

BRISTOL PAUPER'S HOARD.

A Bristol woman who had been for years in receipt of out-relief was taken ill and sent to the workhouse infirmary, where she died yesterday. At the house where she lived the relieving officer found £63 in gold and silver in a box.

As the woman had had over £50 in relief the guardians retained the money.

SUIT AGAINST AN EARL.

Sir William Broadbent Loses His Action.

Judgment was entered yesterday for Lord Dunmore and Count Max Hollander, who appeared as defendants in the action brought in Mr. Justice Grantham's Court by Sir William Broadbent, the well-known physician. Sir William Broadbent had asked that the allotment of 500 preference shares in Paul Boyer, Limited, of which company the defendants were directors, should be declared null and void. He also asked for the return of £250, and made certain charges of fraudulent representation and negligence.

At the conclusion of the evidence his Lordship said he thought there was no case to go to trial, because, in his opinion, there was no evidence of fraud.

After half-an-hour's deliberation the jury returned their verdict for the defendants, but added a rider calling attention to a serious error of judgment on their part in failing to call a meeting of underwriters to make known a vital matter.

Pictures and Underwriting.

Both Count Max Hollander and Lord Dunmore went into the witness-box. The former said he had carried on a business as picture dealer in Bond-street for thirty years. He first became acquainted with M. Boyer a few months before the introduction of the company. Sir William Broadbent had had business with him for many years in connection with both pictures and underwriting in companies. In several of the latter Sir William had come off successfully.

Since the liquidation he had done all he possibly could to obtain redress for those who placed their money in the company. He had, moreover, tried every way that he could to bring Boyer to justice.

Lord Dunmore said that he first heard of Boyer's business in his stockbroker's office, and through him got into communication with Mr. Beyfus.

He denied that he ever took any part in the promotion of the company, and asked no one to subscribe or underwrite shares. In the summer of 1898 he had a very severe attack of gout, and went away. He had confidence in his co-directors, and thought he could safely leave the affairs of the company in their hands.

Much Impressed by Boyer.

He was particularly impressed with M. Boyer, who was "one of the most charming men" he had ever met. Being a "Chevalier of the Legion of Honour," he thought Boyer was above suspicion.

Other witnesses called for the defence were Mr. Alfred Beyfus, solicitor to the company, and Mr. Howell, who acted as secretary. Mr. Beyfus stated that he himself had invested and lost money in the company—"also some members of the Bar who are friends of mine," he added, amidst laughter.

Before the Court rose some amusement was caused by an application to the Judge that judgment should be given against Paul Boyer.

Mr. Justice Grantham: Oh, yes, but he will be so.

CANCER AS A DEFENCE.

Solicitor's Excuse for Threatening an Ex-Mayor.

A number of letters and postcards containing threats to kill Mr. T. B. Johnson, a Birmingham solicitor, are said to have been sent to him by Henry Edwin Parry, who also formerly practised as a solicitor.

Mr. Johnson, who has filled the office of Mayor of Birmingham, acted as sole executor to the will of Parry's father, Mr. Edwin Parry, one of the registrars of the Birmingham County Court. Mr. Johnson stated at Birmingham Police Court yesterday that Parry had been sending the letters ever since his father's death. With the exception of a legacy of £100, which he received, Parry was the sole beneficiary under his father's will.

Parry, who wrote that he would put a bullet through Mr. Johnson, and advised him to consult his undertaker as to his interests, said he was suffering from cancer, and had no intention of carrying out his threats. He was committed for trial, the indictment including two other charges of sending similar letters to another solicitor and to a pawnbroker.

DEATH FROM SEASICKNESS.

As the result of a rough passage from Liverpool to the Isle of Man, where he was going for change of air owing to ill-health, Mr. Henry Leyland, surveyor to the Prescott Urban Council, has died from heart failure brought on by seasickness.

His widow stated at the inquest yesterday that the steamer left Liverpool at about ten on Wednesday, and, notwithstanding the stormy passage, her husband was quite well until half-past twelve, when he suddenly became seasick, lapsed into unconsciousness, and died about one o'clock.

Dr. Davies, of Liscard, who attended to Mr. Leyland when he was dying, said he died from heart failure, probably brought on by seasickness, and the jury returned a verdict in accordance with this evidence.

The Paris Bakers' Union have postponed a general strike until Thursday next.

DIVORCE COURT "BOMBARDMENT."

Mafeking Hero Defends Himself Against Charges of Cruelty to His Wife.

Major Ryan occupied the witness-box of the Divorce Court for nearly the whole of yesterday. He did not make any audible comparison between his experience of being bombarded with questions and being bombarded by Boer shells, but he occasionally looked as if he would prefer the latter process if asked to take his choice.

For the Major, so it was stated by his counsel, Mr. Priestley, K.C., early in the day, is one of the heroes of the siege of Mafeking, and was with Baden-Powell during the whole of that stirring time.

He won the D.S.O. for his services, and, as Mr. Priestley put it, earned the gratitude of his country for the work he did.

Under these circumstances he felt very bitterly the charge of unheroic-like, unsoldierly conduct

nerously as he replied to the question bombarded.

But it must not be supposed that he was nervous in anything except his mannerisms. His answers were given with great clearness and lucidity, and his unhesitating frankness won admiration throughout the court.

UNPLEASANT QUESTIONS.

Mr. Bargrave Deane, when he rose to cross-examine, went out of his way to assure the Major that it was not by his (counsel's) wish that the questions he had to put might be unpleasant, and then he proceeded to put the said unpleasant questions in his most affable manner.

Perhaps the most unpleasant queries that Mr. Deane put so pleasantly had reference to a letter which Mrs. Ryan discovered among her husband's papers soon after her marriage. The letter was concerned with a previous love affair. "I will tell you all about it, although the story is to my shame," replied Major Ryan.

But Mr. Deane did not ask for this, he only wished the Major to admit that what Mrs. Ryan read was likely to upset a young woman just married.

That was just the reason, retorted the Major, why his wife had acted so wrongly. She ought to have asked him before she opened a document marked "private."

"You must understand that I am not blaming you, Major," Mr. Deane hastened to say.

"The same thing has happened to other married men."

MEETING A "CHARMING GIRL."

Major Ryan had an amusing little explanation of one of the incidents complained about by his wife. Mrs. Ryan had told the Court that he, the Major, had boasted of taking "a girl for a walk." His actual words had been, "I met a charming young lady, and I gave her small brother a penny to buy a bun while I talked to her." The incident had been quite innocent and harmless.

Protesting that it was not his fault that he had to mention these matters, the Major then described how his wife had thrown a tin of condensed milk at him on the Gibraltar boat with the curk remark "Open that," and how she also cut his face with a glass.

When he came back to her with his head bandaged up she had said, "So you are not so bad after all."

"I treated it for what it was worth. I am exceedingly sorry to have to say anything about it," continued the Major, when he was questioned with regard to the rumour that his wife had flirted with a Captain Coulson. He told the Court that he assured Mrs. Ryan that what certain people had said was all "bosh," and that he quite trusted her.

CHAMPIONING "E.-P."

Asked by Mr. Deane about a disagreement he had at a friend's house with this Captain Coulson, he said that it happened through the Captain's making "a remark which was rather a sneer about Baden-Powell, a man whom I served with."

At one point in the sitting Sir Francis Jeune remarked that he thought it was a pity the case was being fought out. Would it not be better that a separation should be agreed to?

This judicial observation Mr. Bargrave Deane "respectfully" protested against, saying that it put him in a difficult position. He pointed out that Lord Justice Vaughan Williams, in the Appeal Court, recently had expressed an opinion quite different from the President's about the desirability of a divorce between two people hopelessly at variance.

Once again the case was adjourned.



Major Charles Montgomery Ryan, D.S.O., one of the gallant of Mafeking during the famous siege, who is being sued for divorce by his wife.—(Sketched in court by a "Mirror" artist.)

which his wife had made against him—a charge of cruelty to a woman. If the jury by their verdict said that he had ill-treated Mrs. Ryan, continued Mr. Priestley, his military career would be ruined.

As the Major does not deny the other charge of misconduct, his counsel only called upon him to refute the "cruelty" alleged against him, and this he proceeded to do serenely.

AN UNUSUAL TYPE.

In appearance the Major does not look a bit like a British officer, or rather like most British officers. He is a young man, who wears spectacles, and he has a quick, eager manner of speaking very different from the usual professional deliberation of most majors. He took with him into the witness-box a glass of water, a spare pair of pince-nez, and his spectacle case, and with these he fidgeted

SECRET OF A COALBIN.

Opening the coalbin in the kitchen of the Dowager Duchess of Roeburgh's Grosvenor-street house just before going to bed on Thursday night the butler found a pair of boots and a hat reposing within. He at once made a search, and discovered a man concealed in the cupboard.

The butler left the footman in charge of his prisoner and went for a policeman. When the latter arrived the man tried to escape through the bath-room window, but fell and injured one of his feet, with the result that he had to be taken to the police station on an ambulance.

He gave his name as Reginald William Richings, twenty years of age, an out-of-work footman. The Marlborough Street magistrate, before whom he was charged yesterday, ordered a remand.

SUICIDE UNDER A MOTOR-WAGON.

Standing on the footway in Garrick-street, Covent Garden, an unknown man stepped in front of a traction engine which was approaching him. He tried to throw himself under its wheels, but was unsuccessful. He then laid his head in front of the wagon attached to the engine, sustaining injuries which proved fatal before his arrival at hospital. One farthing was all that was found upon the body.

At the inquest the jury returned a verdict of Suicide.

MAKER OF MARRIAGES.

Matrimonial Agent's Record of 9,000 Successes.

It is the proud boast of Mr. Charlesworth, proprietor of the "Matrimonial Post and Fashionable Marriage Advertiser," that he has been instrumental in arranging 9,000 marriages.

Mr. Charlesworth put forward this testimonial to his success as a matrimonial agent when he went into the witness-box at Westminster County Court yesterday to defend an action brought against him by a former client, Miss Anita Hermond, a lady of prepossessing appearance. She was suing for a sum of money paid to Mr. Charlesworth with the object of finding a husband.

Miss Hermond, whose case had been partly heard on a previous occasion, stated that she was treated as a special client, and after paying £53 was told by Mr. Charlesworth that in consideration of this sum he would introduce her to prospective husbands worth £2,500 or £3,000 a year.

Numerous suitors were put into communication with Miss Hermond, and a great many interviews were arranged.

In the end Miss Hermond became disappointed, for she found that the suitors, one and all, wanted money. Consequently she instructed her solicitor.

698 Clients to Choose From.

Giving his version yesterday of his transactions with Miss Hermond, the proprietor of the "Matrimonial Post," said he gave her the address of 698 clients. She offered £15, but he refused to take it, though the ordinary fee was £10. He gave her a large number of addresses abroad, for which he charged a special fee.

It was untrue that one client he mentioned was a full-blooded negro. He was an Indian barrister. Neither had he said that one was a marquess or a lord. On the morning that the lady called to say she would not go on with the matter, a gentleman came up from Bristol to see her.

Counsel: You could marry her?—Yes, but I can't make love for her.

The journal was then produced, and Mr. Smith, cross-examining Mr. Charlesworth, said: "I see there is a young lady named Mrs. Smith, who is a prince who lives at Clapton, and a royalty who accepts invitations out to dinner."

Mr. Charlesworth refused to say whether he had "married" a marquess. He did not know that he was always in the bankruptcy court; that was immaterial. He would "marry" him whether he was in the bankruptcy court or not.

A Sporting Clergyman gets £3,500.

"When you have a client you get as much as you can from her?" Mr. Charlesworth was asked. He replied that it depended on the lady's position.

All letters, photographs, and forms, he continued, were returned to the client. In a list which he produced the name of a *Sporting Clergyman* with £3,500 a year appeared.

After a lengthy summing up his Honour gave judgment for plaintiff for £49 on the ground of an illegal contract.

VACCINATION TROUBLES.

Twins and a Magistrate's Action Debated in High Court.

In the Court of Appeal yesterday the case of Polley v. Fordham was considered, and Mr. Polley ordered to find security for £30, to be paid within a fortnight, or the appeal mark be struck out.

Mr. Polley, having obtained the quashing of a conviction by Mr. Fordham for an offence under the Vaccination Act, had sued the latter in Shoreditch County Court for illegal distraint. There was judgment for defendant, but subsequently a Divisional Court reversed the Shoreditch decision.

On the case being re-tried in the county court, judgment was entered for defendant with costs. Mr. Polley's counsel said his client had been admittedly wrongfully convicted, and could not get redress.

Justice Darling: How wrongfully convicted? Had he not a child vaccinated?

Justice Biggan: Had he a child to begin with? Counsel: There were twins, and, therefore, he was doubly to be pitied.

POVERTY ON £5 A WEEK.

There was a sharp passage of arms at the Birmingham County Court between the judge and a debtor in receipt of a salary of £5 a week, who pleaded poverty.

The Judge was asked to set aside some portion of the debtor's salary for the benefit of the creditors, but the debtor said his wife required the whole of the £5 a week he earned to keep the house going.

It was stated that the debtor, who was a master of science, and lived in an expensively furnished house, said it is very difficult for a man in his position to set aside a portion of his salary.

The Judge: Don't talk about your position when you owe £1,000. There will be an order for £4 a month.

For kicking a goose and breaking its leg Samuel Lees was fined 10s. at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

CHANGING THEIR NATIONALITY.

In consequence of recent revelations as to certain persons in the East End making a trade in obtaining naturalisation papers, police inquiries have been made in very many instances.

One result was the appearance of two men at Worship-street Police Court yesterday charged with having made false statements, contrary to the provisions of the Naturalisation Act of 1870. Their names are Morris Goldschmidt and Henry Goldschilling. The latter is a Russian, said to have been only two months in this country, and anxious to obtain his papers as an Englishman for passport purposes.

Both were remanded, the magistrate allowing each bail in £50.

MUNICIPAL MONEYLENDING.

The Poplar Borough Council are charged with moneylending. It was complained at the last meeting that the Finance Committee had lent the Electricity Company £3,000, that they had received £700 in interest from the bank, and that there was a floating balance of £12.

Councillor George Lanbury protested that the ratepayers were not moneylenders, either corporally or individually, and objected to rates being levied for money that was more than required for the council's needs.

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

All the Judges at present in town will attend Sir Gainsford Bruce's farewell reception in the Middle Temple Hall on Tuesday next.

Two and a half tons of whalebone have just been sold at Dundee at the rate of £3,000 a ton, or £200 a ton higher than the previous record price.

A little boy named Finn, aged eight, fell into a deep pool in a quarry near Cloughen yesterday. His brother, aged fourteen, went to his rescue, but both were drowned.

Lieut.-Colonel Earl of Dunraven, 3rd County of London Imperial Yeomanry Sharpshooters, and Colonel E. C. Stevenson, 3rd City of London Rifle Volunteers, are resigning their commissions.

There were eighty-one cases of smallpox under treatment yesterday at the Joyce Green Hospital, Dartford, being a decrease of five from the day before. There has been no notification of the disease in London since the 13th inst.

GAOL FOR ADULTERATING PEPPER.

Charles Johnson was at Liverpool sent to gaol for three months for giving a false trade description regarding a keg of pepper.

The pepper, instead of being pure, was adulterated with nut meal, otherwise ground olive stones.

NOT CURED BY PRISON.

Thomas Jones came out of Gloucester Gaol after two months' imprisonment for stealing wood from hedgerows at Blakeney, and on the afternoon of the same day a constable saw prisoner committing the same kind of offence.

Accused was sent back to Gloucester Prison for another two months.

MATCH-MAKING MOTHER'S REVENGE.

A strange story was told in the Birmingham County Court when James Murch obtained a discharge in bankruptcy. Practically the only creditor was debtor's mother.

Because he did not marry the lady she had chosen for him, his mother sued him for board and lodgings, and obtained judgment for £41, which had caused him to become bankrupt.

MOTOR WORKS BURNED OUT.

A disastrous fire broke out early yesterday morning on the premises of the South of England Motor Company, Portsmouth.

Next door is the famous old Blue Posts hotel, which, as a cadet, Admiral Lord Nelson was in the habit of using. The flames spread to the hotel, and some damage was done. The Motor Company's works were completely destroyed.

FORETOLD HER OWN DEATH.

Miss Annie Chambers, the superintendent nurse at the Dunmow (Essex) Union Infirmary, who has just died from pneumonia, had a remarkable premonition of her death.

She was a strong, healthy woman, in her twenty-sixth year, but a few days before she was stricken down she spoke to several friends about her coming death, and, although in the best of spirits, asked them to place bunches of violets upon her coffin.

While walking through the Dunmow Churchyard with a fellow-officer she selected the spot where she desired to be buried. The wishes of the deceased nurse were carried out by her former fellow-officers at the workhouse, each of whom placed a bunch of violets upon the coffin.

AN EXCEPTIONAL OFFER.

"Daily Mirror" Fountain Pens Are Sold for at Least One-third Their Value.

In these days of "hustle" and rapid movement there are very few people who do not realize the value of a good fountain pen. Of course, there are thousands who have not one of their own—but the reason is, possibly, that until the "Daily Mirror" made this remarkable offer of a guaranteed high-class fountain pen for half-a-crown, it was believed to be impossible to supply a really good pen, reliable in every way, a pen that could be depended upon at any time.

That a serviceable fountain pen can be sold at this exceptionally low price has been demonstrated in a practical manner, and those who were the first purchasers have since written in for more.

This shows that such a pen was not alone wanted, but the appreciation at the want being supplied only awaited an opportunity to show itself. Cut out the Coupon to-day on page 11, and secure one of these everyday necessities for yourself.

Mixed bathing is permitted this season in the Southampton Corporation public open-air bath.

During a golf match at North Berwick Links one of the players drove his ball into a lark's nest with four eggs, without breaking any of them.

The body of a woman about fifty years old has been found in Regent's Canal near Cambridge Heath. The remains were shockingly mutilated.

The business of the June Sessions of the Old Bailey, which commences on Monday, is particularly heavy, there being three charges of murder and three of manslaughter.

At the opening of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Leeds, Bishop Hedley, of Newport, declared that the Roman Catholic Church alone had the power of the keys opening and shutting the gates of Heaven.

His Majesty the King of Italy has evidenced the keen interest he is taking in the Fencing Festival, to be held at La Scala Theatre, Earl's Court, by presenting, through the organiser, Mr. George Ashton, a handsome gold medal, to be given to the champion fencer in the professional competitions.

PLAGUE OF SPIDER CRABS.

Fishermen in the Lizard district are getting great catches of spider crabs. In Porthallow Cove, on one day, upwards of 1,000 were landed. The shells do great damage to the nets.

LEGS AND NECK BROKEN.

At Carrickfergus Station an Enniskillen gentleman, named Brown, returning from his holidays, opened the carriage door, evidently thinking the express was going to stop, and stepped out.

He must have been instantly killed, as when the train was stopped and he was picked up it was found that his neck and both legs had been broken.

CORPORATION AS MILKMEN.

When the Liverpool Corporation first undertook to provide sterilised milk for babies they were a good deal ridiculed, but the scheme is now growing so fast that the Health Committee are considering the appointment of a business manager to superintend the ladies who dispense the milk.

No fewer than five hundred families in Liverpool get their milk from Liverpool Corporation, and the weekly consumption is 1,200 gallons. So big has the business grown that the Health Committee are not only proposing to appoint a business manager to superintend it, but also to have a farm and herd of milk cows of their own.

LARGEST ENGINES IN ENGLAND.

There have just arrived at King's Cross for the Great Northern Railway six engines which are described as "the largest engines in the country." There are fourteen more to follow, and they are being built at the works at Doncaster.

These monster engines weigh, in working order, 112 tons, and they are capable of running the Scotch expresses with 350 tons from King's Cross to Doncaster without a stop, at a speed of sixty miles an hour.

LONDON CABMAN KILLED.

In the Lambeth Coroner's Court yesterday an inquest was held on the body of a cabdriver named Edward Pearmain, who met with a fatal accident in Stamford-street, Southwark.

Pearmain's cab came into collision with another cab, and the deceased was thrown into the roadway. He fell in front of a Southwark Borough Council refuse cart, two wheels of which passed over him.

A verdict of Accidental Death was returned.

MALVERN SCHOOLBOY'S SUICIDE.

An inquiry was held yesterday at Malvern College concerning the death of Gerald Harris, aged seventeen, who died from the effects of cyanide of potassium. The boy, who was the son of a colonel, had been a student for four years at the college, and a year ago he was warned for irregularities.

Some improvement followed, but on Tuesday last he was again spoken to and told he would probably have to leave the school. He was greatly upset, and next morning took poison. A verdict was returned of Suicide while of unsound mind.

OLD SOLDIER'S SAD END.

Henry Hodge, a labourer, of Clerkenwell, was an old soldier, having seen service in India. He had been out of work for ten months, and on Friday, May 14, he begged his wife to let him be separated to let him sleep at her house.

She made him up a bed on the floor, and early the following morning Hodge came to her bedroom with his throat cut and a razor in his hand. He was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where he died on Wednesday last, telling the doctor before he died that he had attempted his life four times.

At the inquest yesterday the jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst temporary insane.

At Burslem, Judge Mulholland awarded a boy named Joseph Title 2s. 6d. a week as compensation for the loss of an eye.

Mr. Alfred Austin's new play, produced at the Garrick on Thursday night, received no notice in the "Times" yesterday.

As the proceeds of three burglaries, George Wilson, who was sent to prison for a year, obtained one candle, fourpence, two buns, and a pint of beer.

Bees ferreted attack a woman and a donkey at Fensington, near Huntingdon. The woman was badly stung about the head, and the donkey suffered so severely that it died two hours after.

The grand ball for the benefit of the St. Moritz Aid Fund, to be held at the Savoy Hotel on the 22nd inst., promises to be one of the most brilliant social events of the season. The hall is under the patronage of the Princess of Wales and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

LUCKY FOR THE BABY.

A woman in a Huntingdonshire village who took a child to be christened desired its name to be "Port Arthur."

The clergyman, however, declined, and the child will go through life minus the "Port."

FATAL LOOK-OUT.

Herbert Hawkin, of Dobcross, who was travelling in one of the new six-seater carriages to Oldham, where he is employed in the post office, put his head out of the carriage window.

It came in contact with a bridge, and the young man was so badly injured that he died at the Oldham Infirmary.

KILLED AT FOOTBALL.

At Preston a football match was in progress, and during the attack on one goal Thomas Riding was attempting to prevent the ball from going between the posts, when his head came into contact with a wire stretched across the netting behind the goal.

He dropped unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, but Dr. McDade on arrival pronounced life to be extinct.

WHAT NEXT?

The Leeds Physical Culture Society must really go slower. Up to the present it has condemned:

Forests.
Hats.
Garters.
Boots.
Stockings.

It is not without a certain apprehension, says the "Leeds Daily News," that we ask, "What next?"

MIRRORS FOR MOTORISTS.

A novel idea is to be adopted at Emsworth for the minimising of accidents from motoring in the district.

Near Emsworth-square there have been many narrow escapes, and at a meeting of the district council it was decided to place a large mirror on a wall opposite the corner of West and North streets, by which a reflection of an object in either street may be seen from the other before the corner is actually negotiated.

ARCHDEACON PROSECUTES HIS BROTHER.

Archdeacon Potter applied at Wood Green yesterday for a warrant against his brother, who endeavoured to get money by means of threats.

The Archdeacon added that his brother had always been an annoyance and a trouble to his family. He had several times been in prison. Once he fired a revolver through a window of his father's house, and he had been sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for threatening his brother-in-law, who was a colonel.

A warrant was granted.

LIVING PEOPLE PAINTED AS APOSTLES.

An interesting discovery has been made this week by "Horne's Weekly," the new home journal. It appears that some time ago the authorities of the little church of St. John, Halse, near St. Ives, Cornwall, wished to obtain a church screen, and it was decided to fill it with portraits of the Apostles. It was suggested that these portraits of the Apostles should be taken from life, and accordingly the features of well-known people in the neighbourhood are to be seen on the screen. The article and the illustrations are most striking, and this unique feature in this splendid home paper should not be missed.

JUMPED ON HIS NAT.

A tall, military-looking gentleman on the lawn removed his hat, placed it carefully on the ground, and jumped on it once—twice, says a writer who witnessed the race for the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot.

He was deathly pale, and there were tears in his eyes. "I can afford a new hat," he said. "I'm £3,000 richer than I was two minutes ago."

Cheerful Rally in Rails, Home, and Foreign—Mexicans Improving.

Those returning from Ascot yesterday seemed to think that most of the Stock Exchange members had attended that meeting rather than the City. Certainly the Stock Exchange attendance was rather poor, and business poorer. All the better chance for next week, seeing that the stock markets wound up so well yesterday. The bankers gave the Stock Exchange encouraging news, saying that the "House" was closed on holiday for alterations and repairs, so that there will be no Stock Exchange article for our readers on Monday morning. Consols kept very firm throughout, and in the closing hour became quite strong, giving a good fillip to all the recent news items.

A microscopic examination did not reveal much movement or much business in Home Rails. Lines deriving benefit from the Asot fair were marked up, and, as a whole, the market must be described as firm. American Rails again were a centre of cheerfulness. New York gave up, especially for Union Pacific and Baltimore. The close was perhaps not at the best, but the market strength continued. There was a rally, too, in Canadian Rails, for the Grand Trunk had a traffic increase of £2,222, whereas, owing to the big receipt last year, the market had confidently anticipated a decrease. The Argentine Railway market looked like falling away in the morning, but is certainly showing great resistance, considering the bull account. Mexican Rails were the outstanding active and strong market of the "House," and looked like improving further next week.

Panic keeps its favourites among Foreign stocks on the upward trend. Even Russians did not reflect the defeat, and Japanese were weak, in spite of it, for here the speculators for the rise have been far too busy. Japanese bonds are now paying the penalty. Copper shares rose, on the news that the metal was 10s. per ton better.

Docks continue weak, and now National Telephone have lost 1½ points on the deferred, owing to Lord Stanley's statement that the House of Commons will not vote for the Bill. The arrival of the first batch of Chinese at Durban did not seem to give much heart to Kaffirs, but probably little will be done in them until the 1st of July next, owing to the options maturing. Still the market is stronger, and the many diversities this week are encouraging. In West Indians there are buyers about for the lower shares, but the low-priced lot are as weak as ever.

LATEST MARKET PRICES.

"The Daily Mirror" prices are the latest available. Unlike most of our contemporaries, we take special care to obtain the latest quotations in the Street markets after the official close of the Stock Exchange.

The following are the closing prices for the day:			
Consols 2½ p.c.	90½	Pacific	116 3/4
"Do Account...	90½	Western	125 1/2
India 4 p.c.	90½	American First	81 1/2
Nat. C. C. 3½ p.c.	90½	"Do Second	81 1/2
Transvaal Loan	90½	Rosario Consols	81 1/2
Argentine 1888	100½	"Do Def.	81 1/2
"Do Fundg.	100½	Canadian Pacific	123 1/2
Brazilian 4 p.c. 1889	76 1/2	Grand Trunk	116 3/4
Do 3rd W. of Minas	76 1/2	"Do 1st Pref.	102 1/2
Chili 1888	80 1/2	"Do 2nd	80 1/2
Chinese 5 p.c. 1898	90 1/2	Nitrato Ord.	74 1/2
Egyptian United	100½	Aerated Bread	82 1/2
Italian	100½	Allsopp Ord.	37 1/2
Jap. Gov. Bd. 1896-4	87 1/2	"Coats	36 1/2
"Do 4 p.c.	79 1/2	East India Company	92 1/2
Per. Debts	90 1/2	Hudson Bay	40 1/2
"Do Pref.	25 1/2	Ln. Gen. Omn.	110 1/2
Portuguese	90 1/2	Elipio	39 1/2
Russian 4 p.c. 1890	90 1/2	L. & L. D. Of.	72 1/2
Spanish 4 p.c. (Sic)	86 1/2	Nelson's	200 1/2
Turkish 4 p.c. V. Ind.	83 1/2	Sweetwater Act.	16 1/2
Uruguay 5½ p.c.	151 1/2	Vickers, Maxim	174 1/2
		Welsbach Ord.	4 1/2
Brighton Def.	122 1/2	Anglo-French	3 1/2
Calcutta Def.	31 1/2	Asahi & Co.	24 1/2
Central London	92 1/2	Asahi & Co.	24 1/2
Chatham Ord.	90 1/2	Barnato Cons.	21 1/2
"Do Pref.	90 1/2	Champ. Ref.	33 1/2
"Do 2nd Pref.	63 1/2	City & Sub.	60 1/2
Great Eastern	41 1/2	City & Sub. A.	60 1/2
Gt. Northern Def.	41 1/2	Crown Ref.	14 1/2
Great Central A.	14 1/2	De Beers Def.	194 1/2
Great Western	140 1/2	Ed. & S. A.	71 1/2
Metropolitan	97 1/2	E. Rand. M. Est.	61 1/2
District	97 1/2	Geduld	61 1/2
Midland Pref.	140 1/2	Gold Coast Am.	26 1/2
"Do Def.	62 1/2	Gold'n. Horseshoe	7 1/2
North British Def.	44 1/2	Gr. Bl. Pref. New	27 1/2
North Eastern	140 1/2	Gr. Prep.	27 1/2
North Western	142 1/2	Gr. Fingall 10	7 1/2
South East Def.	64 1/2	Imvaho	3 1/2
South West Def.	64 1/2	Job. Con. Im.	23 1/2
"Do Ord.	162 1/2	Knight	51 1/2
Aetehion	72 1/2	Lea & Co.	51 1/2
Baltimore	82 1/2	May Consolidated	31 1/2
Chesapeake	82 1/2	Meyer & Clark	8 1/2
Ch. Mil. S. Pl. 140	140 1/2	Moderntown	9 1/2
Denver	26 1/2	Mysore Gold	99 1/2
Erie Shares	84 1/2	Nile Valley	14 1/2
"Do Pref.	60 1/2	N. Copper	14 1/2
Illinois Cent.	132 1/2	Nundydoo	14 1/2
Evile and N. V. 112	112 1/2	Oreogum	3 1/2
Missouri	17 1/2	Oroya	31 1/2
Ontario	26 1/2	Primrose (New)	39 1/2
Norfolk Cons.	27 1/2	Randfontein	39 1/2
Pennsylvania	29 1/2	Rio Tinto	31 1/2
Reading	24 1/2	Rand Mines	100 1/2
Southern Def.	21 1/2	Trans. Devel.	13 1/2
Southern Pacific	48 1/2	Waili	6 1/2
Union Pacific	97 1/2	Welded	78 1/2
U.S. Steel Ord.	97 1/2	Welded	78 1/2
"Do Pref.	25 1/2	Zambesi Explor.	13 1/2
Wabash Pref.	25 1/2		

* Ex div.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—£300 DAMAGES.

Isabella Worth was awarded £300 at the Oldham County Court for the loss of her husband, who was killed by lightning while working on a scaffold.

For the defence it was argued that the accident was an act of God, and did not arise in the course of his employment.

But Judge Bradbury held that the fall arose out of the employment, and there would not have been any serious effect if the man had not been in an elevated position.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General-Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904.

A SENSELESS PERFORMANCE.

When the Gordon-Bennett Cup was first offered for competition, the races served a useful purpose. They drew attention to improvements in motor-cars. They encouraged makers to do their best. They established a standard strength for the various parts of cars, for it was clear that any mechanism which stood the strain of great speed would be quite safe for ordinary purposes.

Yesterday's event was useful in none of these ways. It certainly had no advertising value, for these races put many people off buying cars. Makers require now no further incentive to enterprise than they get from competition, and from knowing that, if they produce a good article, it is certain to find a ready sale. We do not any longer need such tests as this to show us how cars ought to be built.

In point of fact, racing cars are now so utterly different from ordinary cars that they teach us nothing at all. They are mere monstrosities, of no use to anyone away from the track. They are built specially for this one day's work, just as yachts are built for the America Cup races; and neither yachts nor cars are any good for anything else.

If you like to watch races for amusement, horse races or bicycle races or foot races, even dog races are far more interesting. Nothing could be less exciting than to sit all day watching a procession of motor-cars. In the proper sense of the word, it is not a race at all. It is a time-test, and a dull one at that.

The only effect it has upon motoring generally is to make a few inconsiderate bounders anxious to see how fast they can make their cars go. Gradually the ranks of motorists have been weeded of nearly all the cads and idiots who brought this form of locomotion into a passing disrepute. The Gordon-Bennett races never fail to fire the foolish blood of those who are left.

They have, in fact, become a public nuisance under their present conditions. Is it not time to alter these conditions, and bring them into accordance with common-sense?

So long as clergymen think that it would be "dangerous to Christianity" to give up damning those who do not agree with them, complaints about the paganism of the present day are certain to increase. What a strange thing it is that nothing should arouse High Church parsons to such energy of debate as the proposal to give up the Athanasian Creed! Since no one understands what it means, it doesn't seem to matter very much whether it is kept in the Prayer-book or not. But its intolerant tendency and bad language are evidently very dear still to the English Church Union.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The drift of all Germany's busy, unflinching preparation can hardly be doubtful. For fifty years there was the same hum of an army making ready, the same keen attention to military affairs, the same drilling of soldiers and training of officers, before Germany hurled herself irresistibly upon France, full of sanguine confidence in her success. In the same manner there can be no doubt that Germany is arming herself with patient, calculating, and laborious perseverance for the day when she shall at last feel ready to throw down the gauntlet of defiance in the face of England. Germany is of those that look, meditate, and prepare before they leap, in order that they need have to leap but once.—*Dr. Emil Reitz*, in "Success Among Nations" (Chapman and Hall, 10s. 6d.).

HOW RUSSIA IS DECEIVED.



The Russians are regularly misled by the Government and the Press as to the true state of the war. This cartoon, widely circulated throughout Russia, under the title of "The Cossack's Breakfast," is typical of the methods employed.

HUMOUR FROM THE NORTH.

What is a "puir wee smout"? How do you "shoogle hands"? And can you distinguish between a "rale pant" and a "rale divert"? These are not questions from the Mathematical Tripos examination papers. They are what Southern readers of "Erchie" are asking one another. This is a book which Blackwood's have just published at a shilling, and which is having an immense success in Scotland. "Erchie," which is Glasgow's way of pronouncing the abbreviated form of Archibald, is a kind of Scottish Mr. Dooley, and Glasgow thinks that Mr. Hugh Foulis, his creator, is a humorist of the first rank. That is where we differ from Glasgow.

There are strokes of humour in the book, all the same. Amusing, for example, is Mr. Carnegie's retort to his daughter, when she says, "I thocht ye wanted to die, puir, paw."—"Ay, but I never had any notion o' leevin' puir," says Mr. Carnegie, as smart's ye like, "and that mak's a' the difference."

This is how "Erchie" told of King Edward's experiences when he went for a "rest cure" in his yacht to the Highlands.—
"What is that I see afore me?" said he.
"The captain put his spy-glass to his e'e, and got as white as a cloot."
"It's your Majesty's joyous and expectant subjects," says he. "They're sixty-seven Gleska steamers out yonder and every skipper has his hand on the string o' the team-hooter."

"My God!" groaned the poor King, "I thought I was sent awa' here for the p'ud o' my health."
"Before he could say knife," a' the Gleska steamers and ten thousand wee rowin'-boats were scrapin' the pent aft the sides o' the Victoria and Albert, and half a million Scottish taxpayers were cheerin' their beloved Sovereign, Edward VII., every mortal yin o' them sayin', "Yon's him yonder!" and p'intin' at him."

"Will I hae to shoogle hands wi' a' that crood?" he asked the captain of the Victoria and Albert, and was told it wad dae if he jist took aft his keep now and then.

"And so, takin' aff his keep now and then, wi' a' the Gleska steamers and the ten thousand wee rowin'-boats hingin' on to the side o' the yacht, and half a million devoted subjects takin' turn about at keekin' in through the port-holes to see what he had for dinner, his Majesty sailed into Brodick Bay."

"The doctors were right," says he; "after a' there's naething like a rest cure; it's a mercy we're a spared."

A MAN OF THE HOUR.

The Donor of the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

He is over sixty, but scarcely looks it, in spite of his grey hair. Tall and thin, with a slight moustache, he might stand for a model of nervous energy. It radiates from him. The air begins to tremble as soon as he enters a room.

He was born to spend money, yet he has also made much. He has lost some too.

When he found that he could not make a one-cent evening journal pay in New York, he gave it up with the published remark that "those who are publishing evening papers at one cent are either fooling the public or fooling themselves."

This passed for humour, but he meant it. He can be humorous, however, at times. He once went into the "Herald" machine-room and found the men pelting one another with the "oily waste" used for cleaning the machines. One man who had just received a filthy cloth right in the face was most energetically cleaning his features. The rest were laughing at him.

"Give that man another half-dollar a week," said the proprietor. "He's the only man who's doing any work."

He owns about the finest yacht in the world, and lives in a flat on the Champs Elysées that is reckoned the most gorgeous in the whole of Paris. When he is pleased with his New York staff he telegraphs, "Wet it," and they drink at his expense. When he is displeased he wires, "Sack everybody," and a new staff has to be engaged on the spot.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

Is It Safe To Eat Strawberries Constantly and in Unlimited Quantity?

The correspondent who asks this question presumably wants to know if strawberries can, during their short season, be with safety eaten regularly at all meals, or if it is advisable only to eat a few now and then.

Most people will find strawberries quite wholesome to eat for breakfast and lunch. After dinner they are not quite so good. If they are eaten with tea, the tea should not be at all strong.

All soft fruit ought to be eaten in perfect condition, neither unripe nor over-ripe. If this precaution is not taken trouble is very likely to follow. To eat anything constantly and in unlimited quantity would certainly have disastrous consequences.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

Sir Edward Carson has so often been mistaken for an actor that he is quite the right man to preside at the Theatrical Fund dinner this evening. It is the darkness of his shaven face which creates the illusion, coupled with his exceedingly well-known appearance and the fact that he can never stand up without something to lean against. If he had gone on the stage his Irish brogue would have delighted lovers of Dion Boucicault's play.

He used to be one of the most dreaded cross-examiners at the Bar. That Carson's a champion," said an Irish litigant once after suffering at his hands. "He'd puzzle and fluster the devil himself." Mr. Macdonna, M.P., was quite right in a witty retort he once made to him. Carson was asking a racing member in the lobby if he couldn't give him a tip for some race. "My dear fellow," said Macdonna, "you've had one tip given you already that's made your fortune." "What do you mean?" asked Carson. "I mean the tip of your tongue."

The assassination of General Bobrikoff, the man who has had unlimited power in Finland for more than a year past, was certainly not expected. A letter from Helsingfors, written only a week ago, said that in spite of all Finland had suffered there was no likelihood of any desperate step being taken. The assassin acted, it would seem, entirely on his own responsibility. There is no large revolutionary movement on foot.

All the same, the Tsar will certainly be made more nervous by the removal of his strenuous deputy. The precautions taken to protect him will be increased (if that is possible), and presumably the dragooning of Finland will go on. Bobrikoff's plan was to seize in their homes all persons who were even suspected of resenting Russia's heavy hand and to put them out of the country. The result of this was that when he called for volunteers for the Far Eastern war not a single Finnish soldier came forward. Personally, he was a pleasant old man, who liked nothing better than a quiet game of dominoes after dinner.

Sir Ian Hamilton has been even nearer death than he was at Chemulpho the other day when (as Mr. Bennett Burleigh related yesterday) he was only just saved from drowning by a Japanese officer. At Majuba he was actually given up for dead. He still bears the memory of his wounds of that day in a left hand which is of very little use to him. Nevertheless he believes the old Duke of Cambridge was right when he advised young officers to "see all the service they could, and if possible get slightly wounded."

He is a bit of a poet, Sir Ian, as well as a good soldier. But he does not at all affect the Kipling big-drum style. He leaves that to civilians who don't know much about war. His is a gloomy view; despair and death his favourite topics. Take this cheerful little outburst for an example:—

Stars upon stars, upon stars for ever!
Limited regions / Change deliver
My soul from the terrors of infinite distance;
My flesh from the curse of an endless existence.
It gives me the blues.

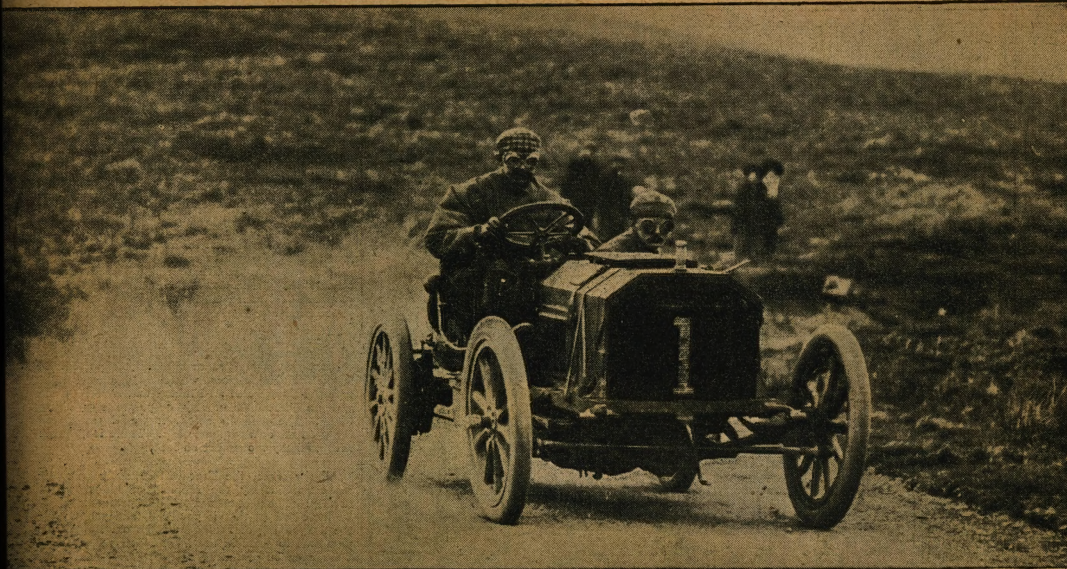
"You must play mit the meat of your fingers," was the advice given to violinists once by Dr. Hans Richter, whose appointment by the King to the membership of the Royal Victorian Order was announced yesterday. Of course, he meant the flesh, not the nail, which was being wrongly used in a pizzicato passage. Another time he astounded a dinner-party by remarking of his wife, "Ach! the poor dear, when she is not lying she is schwindling." What he meant was, "She grows giddy (in German "schwindeln") whenever she stands up." But it certainly roused elucidation.

If you or I had run up enormous bills, altogether beyond our means, for all kinds of absurd and unnecessary articles, we should probably find ourselves in prison. Lord Anglesey, who owes rather more than half a million, is (so his creditors have just decided) to be provided with £2,000 a year for his personal expenses, and to have no further trouble in the matter. The line between honesty and fraud is drawn so very fine nowadays that I daresay he cannot be prosecuted. But I wonder what the tradesmen who once made a presentation to their "noble patron" have to say about him now.

Not many ladies play cricket better than Miss Vane Featherstone, who is to captain a team of actresses against eleven actors at a charity fête early next month. She was brought up to do everything well in the way of sport and exercise. Her real name is Featherstonehaugh, but she shortened it because a theatrical manager complained he had to pay extra for programmes with a name like that in them! Her recreation is doing good to the poorer members of her profession, and yet she manages to be one of the most popular women in it!

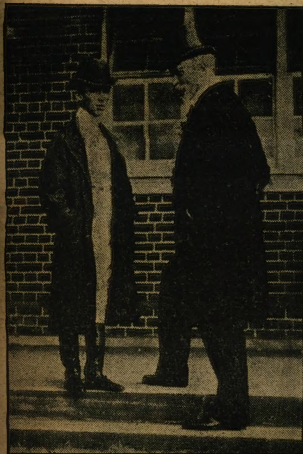
The other side will be led by Mr. Rutland Barrington, who is an old hand at cricket, as he is at most games. Indeed, they say about him that he is the only man in England who can play in time. Once, in the good old days at the Savoy Theatre, Mr. D'Oyly Carte on the first night of a new Gilbert and Sullivan opera, rushed into the actor's dressing-room. "Do you know what they're saying in front?" He asked. "They say you are singing in tune. It won't do, my dear boy. You'll give the show away. They'll never laugh at you if you sing in tune." After that he never did.

A RACING MOTOR AT RACING SPEED.



A trial spin at full speed. Testing the capabilities of a Gordon-Bennett car.

SNAPSHOTS OF ASCOT INCIDENTS.



The disqualification of Cossack in the All-Aged Stakes caused a lot of discussion. Sir Edgar Vincent and Danny Maher, Cossack's jockey, had a lot to say to each other about it.



The Duke of Westminster was very lucky during the Ascot meeting, and his three successes brought him numberless congratulations.



Although unluckily beaten for the Gold Cup, Lord Howard de Walden received Mr. "Leo" de Rothschild's sympathy with a smile.



Mr. F. Alexander's Throwaway Zinfandel and Sceptre were leading his horse.

PREPARATIONS FOR RE



TYRE REPAIRING BY THE In order that as little time as possible be stationed at intervals around

DIAN RULER TO SEE THE KING.



he Rajah of Rajppla, who is now in London, is to be presented at Court on Wednesday. He is very progressive, but his people, the Shils, are not.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S PLAY.



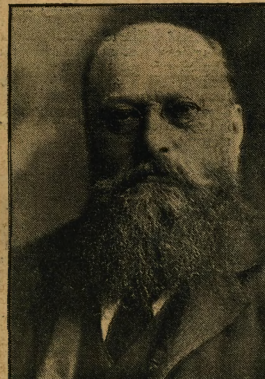
Miss Annie Hughes, who plays the principal part in Mr. Max Pemberton's new play, "The Finishing School," at Wyndham's Theatre. (Photograph by Ellis and Walery.)

ENGLAND'S HOPE.



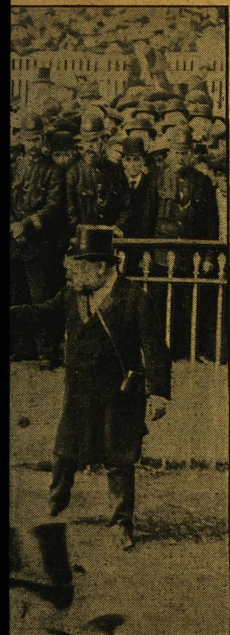
A snapshot of Jarrott (standing up) and Edge at Saalburg, the starting-point of the cars in the race. Crowds of spectators watched every trial spin before the race.

DR. RICHTER'S NEW HONG



Dr. Hans Richter, decorated with the Royal Victorian Order by the King, for his services to musical art. (Photograph by London Stereoscopic)

ASCOT.



Mr. Alexander is third. Mr. Alexander is up.

THE CORNISH CRIME—BERRYMAN AND HIS VICTIM.



Miss Jessie Rickard, the pretty Cornish girl, murdered at Castle-an-Dinas. The body of the murderer has now been found, and the manner in which the crime was committed is also explained.



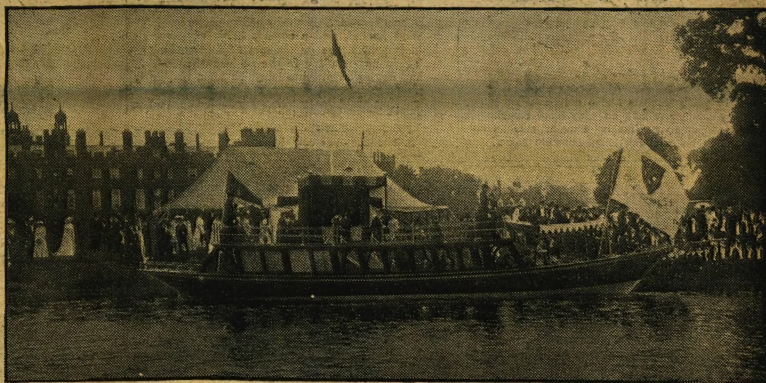
Charles Berryman, the murderer of Jessie Rickard. After shooting her while he held her in his arms, he committed suicide near the scene of his crime, shooting himself with the same revolver.

THE GORDON-BENNETT CARS DURING THE RACE.



MECHANICS' DEPOTS ON THE ROAD. The course. These photographs were taken during the practice spins.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW THAMES LAUNCH.



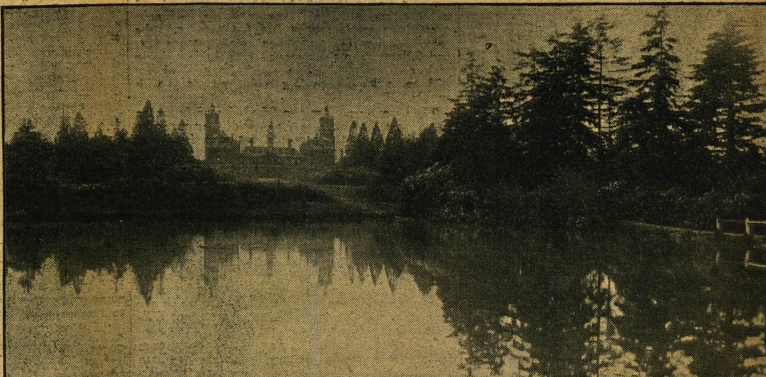
To-morrow is Ascot Sunday, the most fashionable day of the year on the river, and it is probable that the royal party at Windsor will be out if the day is fine. The Prince of Wales's new launch, which is at Windsor, will be used.—(Photograph by Russell and Sons.)

THAMES FISHING SEASON HAS BEGUN.



London roach fishers on the Thames. The season opened again this week, and enthusiastic fishers are now to be found in every likely spot. In several places yesterday there were fishermen every few yards.

THE KING'S VISIT TO WELLINGTON COLLEGE TO-DAY.



The lake and a distant view of Wellington College. The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, will drive to the college to-day from Windsor, and be present at the speeches. (Photograph by Dee.)

A COUNTERBLAST TO THE PERSUASIONS OF THE HATLESS BRIGADE.

WOMEN WEAR CAPS.

AN OLD FRENCH AND ENGLISH FASHION REVIVED.

A movement is being zealously supported, with Leeds for its headquarters, in favour of the abolition of hats, and particularly of men's hats, which are supposed to be very deleterious to the hair and even to cause baldness.

Meanwhile smart women, with delightful contrariness, if, indeed, they know anything at all about the hatless brigade, are going to wear caps!

It is old-world and French to do so, though the modes of the times that have suggested the pretty women wear caps all day long; it was correct to do nothing more to be followed easily. Then, so. The matron with a bare head would at that time have been as much an anomaly as a married woman without her wedding-ring would be now. The fashion for caps was in vogue in England at the same time that it was in France, and it is

from old prints of the Georgian period that the modistes are culling their fancies now.

It is with her negligence that the modern woman wears a cap, a dainty affair made of lace and lawn or pin-spotted net with quiltings of lace and Tom Thumb ribbon bows and rosettes, to make it winsomely old-world. And very feminine Madam



The evolution of the cap is more pronouncedly marked here. To make the pretty wisp of whiteness use pin-spotted net, blue baby ribbon, and the new lace, which is called boule-de-neige, or snow-drop.

Beauty looks with her dainty tresses exquisitely dressed, but half concealed beneath a face and lawn square and lappets. A study of the pictures of the Georgian period, and a consciousness of the high regard in which the gentle arts of femininity are held again has resulted in the revival of a fashion that has been permitted to languish for a very long while.

About five-and-twenty years ago a fashion arose for caps, and quite formidable ones were worn by mere girls, made of flowers and lace. They were seen at the theatres and at evening parties, and

were very much liked for a time. Then they went the way of all fashions; the way this revival will go in all likelihood. In other words, they took the road that swiftly leads to total oblivion.

The Bridge dress is partly responsible for the cap. It is a toilette that is in essence very closely allied to the tea-gown, and so can be worn in the afternoon or evening, or both, by Bridge devotees. Something pretty as a coiffure ornament it certainly demands, and to the rescue most obligingly comes the cap.

Teagowns are called so no longer by the smartest dressmakers, who have adopted the title rest-gown for their delightful wares. It is by this name that the royalties call their negligées, and as the rest-gown proper is only worn in the privacy of the boudoir, it well deserves the name.

Old lace handkerchiefs make the most bewitching little caps, strung through with baby ribbon, or left unadorned. A knot of tiny roses or forget-me-nots may be added to the cap, and a model that is sure to become popular is the Dutch one, though in the eyes of some people this shape approaches the nightcap of barbaric times somewhat too closely to be viewed with absolute satisfaction.



Above observe a real cap composed of an antique handkerchief, to which soft lace strings have been affixed.



There is very little of the cap about this pretty pioneer mode of the new fashion, save that it is made of fine lawn, inset and edged with Valenciennes lace.

The Premier's Daughter

By ALICE and CLAUDE ASKEW.

CHAPTER XVII. (continued.)

Amy Blandford shivered as the hansom drew up outside the Union Music Hall, Commercial-street, East, and she glanced at the huge posters displayed for greater prominence under the flaming gas-lights. Yes, there in large lettering was the name she sought, that of "Miss Molly Devine." The words swam before her eyes, and her breast heaved passionately. After all, had she courage to face the scene before her? Would it not be better to tell the cabman to drive back to Chelsea?

She hesitated for a second, and the crowd of loafers gathered round the doorway stared at her curiously, wondering what she wanted at an East End music hall, finally putting her down as one of the artistes whose turn would come later on during the evening.

Suddenly, with the courage of a weak-willed woman, Mrs. Blandford jumped out of the hansom and handed the cabman a liberal fare. In doing this she had to extend her arm, and her emerald cloak slipped slightly off her shoulders, allowing her sparkling diamond necklace to be seen.

"Lor, look at her sparklers!" called out a truculent-looking woman, with a coarse, red face, and who carried a jug of beer. The crowd about gazed enviously at the beautiful woman, noticing her costly satin dress, the glittering bracelets on her arms, the frills of soft lace on her petticoat, her dainty satin shoes.

Amy Blandford hurried into the hall. She had caught a glance of the sordid, ugly crowd, and she was thankful to be sheltered from them. A wholly wild and foolish instinct had brought her here at such an hour and in such a dress. She realised the folly of her action now, but it was too late to draw back.

She gazed round her nervously as soon as she found herself in the flashy, gaily-decorated vestibule, and she caught a glimpse of her own face in one of the large mirrors, and was startled at its pallor. Yes, she looked ghastly, like a dead woman. A tall, broad-shouldered man in evening-dress came forward to meet her. She noticed the large stud flashing in his shirt-front, and the cigar thrust between his teeth, his dark, oily hair and generally Hebraic appearance. He was evidently connected with the management of the hall.

He also stared curiously at Amy, and she felt a sick aversion to speaking to him, for she fancied he gazed at her in a rather insolent fashion.

"I want a private box," she began hurriedly, taking out a piece of gold from her tiny purse, "and perhaps when the turn of the lady is over you will kindly allow me to see Miss Molly Devine in her dressing-room. She will see me if you give her this card." As Mrs. Blandford spoke she scribbled something hastily on a programme lying near, but the name she wrote was not her own.

The manager smiled and hesitated. "Certainly," he said, and then he turned to the box-office: "Book A for this lady." Then he came up close to Mrs. Blandford, peering into her face. "If Miss Molly Devine keeps her engagement here to-night she shall certainly be told that you want to see her, but we have had a telegram from the young lady saying she may possibly be unable to come—very wrong—for even popular young ladies must not break their contracts."

Amy Blandford drew a deep breath; so it was possible that her journey to this hateful place might prove a fruitless one, and she had only averted an unpleasant ordeal for nothing. She controlled her disappointment with some effort, and followed the sleek manager to the box, hung with crimson plush, into which he ushered her with some flourish, pulling back the curtains with an air.

Time went on. Amy watched the performance as one in a dream, from the poor display made by some jugglers to the contortions of a family of acrobats.

All at once she started, for a fresh number had been put up, and she glanced hastily at her programme. Yes, Miss Molly Devine had arrived. Evidently she was a popular favourite, for a loud clapping of hands heralded her entrance upon the stage. Amy Blandford flushed a vivid pink, and bit her lips as the woman moved forward. She was the star performer, and she looked more sad and subdued than the usual music-hall artiste. She wore a plain white silk frock with a big bunch of roses at the corsage, and the smile with which she greeted the clamorous audience was at once different and appealing.

She had once, in the long ago—for her age, even under the make-up, seemed considerable—been very pretty, and was good-looking still, notwithstanding her extreme and almost painful thinness; a magnetic sort of woman, whose principal charm lay in her sad eyes.

The band were playing the air of a well-known

old English song, and Miss Molly Devine began to sing the simple pathetic words in a very sweet and penetrating voice. It was a strange song for an East London music-hall, bringing whiffs of cherry orchards and the hay-field across the footlights; but it was this very choice of songs that had given the artiste her reputation and made her a popular favourite.

Mrs. Blandford listened in some amazement, and then, to her own astonishment, her eyes half-filled with tears, for she, like the audience, had fallen under the spell of the singer. The song came to an end, and the audience clamoured for another, but Miss Molly Devine retired, to return again, however, as the band struck up the first notes of "Auld Robin Grey." This she also sang with rare pathos and expression, and then made her exit to loud cheers.

Amy Blandford waited in some trepidation for the summons to Miss Devine's dressing-room, wondering if that lady would see her. A grim-looking old woman, evidently the dresser, came down after what seemed a long interval, and with a hazy sort of feeling, as though she was in the midst of a strange, unreal dream, Mrs. Blandford got up and followed her.

She did not quite realise things as they were till the door had closed on her and she found herself facing Molly Devine. It was a bare, cold, little dressing-room, and the flaring gas cast a harsh light on the artist's face, from which she was hastily removing the make-up.

The two women made a strange contrast—tall, beautiful Amy Blandford, wrapped in her costly emerald cloak, and the other in her plain frock, yet they gazed at each other with a certain affection and sympathy.

The music-hall star spoke first, and her voice was low and sad, and tinged with a pathetic melancholy.

"Amy, oh, Amy, what brings you here? My songs have ceased to please the large, smart music-halls, but I'm appreciated in this neighbourhood; still, what a place for you to come to." She rubbed some cold cream on her face as she spoke, anxious to remove every trace of rouge and grease paint.

"I expect you are surprised to see me, dear," began Amy Blandford, with some hesitation, "but I came—I came—here she paused, and began to button and unbutton one of her long gloves, wondering how to word her request.

"I don't think you came here only to see me," remarked Molly Devine, with a faint smile, "tell

Maude Taylor's

GREAT SUMMER SALE,

Commencing
TUESDAY,
JUNE 21st,

When the Entire Stock will be offered at
ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS.

BLOUSES.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
385 French Models in Crêpe de Chine, All Colours	2/11	3/6
80 Ditto	2/5	3/0
297 Silk Models (Washing Silk)	2/5	3/11
65 Ditto	3/11	5/0
85 Ditto	12/11	21/6
89 Ditto	8/11	14/11
60 Ditto	4/11	8/11
280 Silk Models, Trimmed Hand-made Lace	29/11 3 to 4gs.	
60 Ditto	39/11 4 to 6gs.	
60 Ditto	21/11 2 to 2½gs.	

MAUDE TAYLOR'S SALE ON TUESDAY.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
80 Batiste Blouses, Trimmed Lace	2/11	3/11
60 Ditto	5/11 8/11-10/11	
290 White Pique Shirts	1/11	5/11
397 Canvas Shirts	2/11	8/11
80 Batiste Blouses, All Colours	6/11 10/11-12/11	
Muslin Blouses, 8/11, 10/11, 21/6, 29/11 Half Price.		
80 Evening Models	29/11 4 to 6gs.	
25 Accordion Pleated Black Silk Blouses, Sequin Varies	29/11 2½gs.	
20 Accordion Pleated Black Blouses, Trimmed Fern or Black	16/11	29 to 22gs.
80 Black French Models	3½gs. 7 to 12gs.	

MAUDE TAYLOR'S SALE ON TUESDAY.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
15 Printed Net Slips	39/11	4gs.
5 Net Slips	21/11	39/6
4 Model Net Slips	39/6 5 to 6gs.	
Linen Costumes made to measure during the Sale	39/11	

WRITE FOR
SALE CATALOGUE.

GLOVES.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
200 Paris Suede Gloves, black & coloured	1/11	2/11
250 Ditto	2/11	3/11
290 White Kid Gloves	1/11	2/11
400 Coloured ditto	2/11	3/11
100 Black ditto	1/11	2/11

MAUDE TAYLOR'S SALE ON TUESDAY.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
10 Hand-made Nightdresses, trimmed Embroidery	2/11	4/11
29 Square-neck Nightdresses, trimmed	6/11	12/11
36 Camisoles, beautifully trimmed	10/11	18/11
280 Ditto	11/11	18/11
68 Ditto	2/11	3/11
68 Ditto	3/11	8/11
46 Ditto	3/11	8/11
20 Ditto	8/11 11-14/11	

CHEMISES AND KNICKERS AT HALF-PRICE.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
12 Pretty Muslin Dressing Gowns	6/11	12/11
8 Ditto	14/11	21/6
10 Ditto	21/11	29/11
8 Nun's Veiling Accordion Pleated Gowns	18/11	30/6
10 Ditto	29/11	48 gs.
8 Ditto	39/11	48 gs.
8 Silk ditto	3 gs.	6 to 8 gs.
20 Accordion Pleated Nun's Veiling Tea Jackets	12/11	29/11
20 Muslin Ditto	6/11	12/11

MAUDE TAYLOR'S SALE ON TUESDAY.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
65 Silk Skirts, Mauve, Blue, and Black	10/11	21/11
29 Ditto	11/11	29/11
10 Ditto	21/6	36/6
60 Muslin and Batiste Skirts	11/11	3/11
10 Ditto	2/11	3/11
20 Ditto	8/11	14/11

MAUDE TAYLOR'S SALE ON TUESDAY.

	SALE PRICE.	Usual Price.
60 White Lawn Skirts, Beautifully Trimmed Embroidery	11/11	5/11
10 Ditto	4/11	6/11
20 Ditto	12/11	25/6
22 Ditto	21/11	39/11

WRITE FOR
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

MAUDE TAYLOR,

1635, SLOANE ST.,
LONDON, W.

(Continued on Page 11.)

WHEN LIFEBOUYS ARE DEATHBOUYS.

Scandalous State of Life-saving Appliances on Passenger Steamships and Excursion Boats.

The fearful loss of life occasioned by the burning of the excursion steamer General Slocum has aroused universal interest in the question of life-buoys and lifebelts.

Inquiries into the cause of the immense loss of life have demonstrated that although there were thousands of lifebelts on board the ship they were absolutely worthless, and would not float themselves when thrown into the water.

The American lifebelts are made of granulated cork and other refuse of the workshops sewn up in thin canvas. After a few months' knocking about on board ship the canvas becomes torn and the cork pours out, rendering the belt useless.

When they are new these lifebelts are of very little use, as they will not stand any strain, but they cost less than one-half those made of solid cork, which are used on British ships.

The people of the United States lose their lives through the corruptness of the public officials, who are appointed through political influence. A man who has been a bartender in a public-house can become an inspector of steamships or even a Judge.

On the ferry-boats along the North and East Rivers, New York, there are thousands of these

of Trade demand that regulation lifebuoys and lifebelts shall be carried.

The buoys are made of cork, covered with canvas, in the form of a ring, and only an expert swimmer can get into one of them when it is in the water. They are coated with white paint



The "horse-shoe" belt, used on German ships, is better than the ordinary circular type.

voyage after voyage, and in time become so sodden that they sink when thrown into the water.

Five years ago a German invented a simple buoy of flat pieces of cork made in the form of a horse-shoe, which would keep afloat and anyone could use. The British Board of Trade will take at least another ten years before they will allow it to be adopted on British ships.

The lifebelt used on the liners sailing out of British ports is made of pieces of solid cork covered with canvas and fitted with a strap going round the neck and a large one to be tied around the chest.

As in the American vessels there is a great laxity in the inspection of life-saving appliances, and the belts are kept on a ship until they are so rotten that the Board of Trade inspectors stick the knives into them, and then new ones have to be bought.

That is the opinion of Messrs. Nunn and Riddelsdale, the lifebelt and buoy makers, in St.

George's-street East, where the sketches in this article were made yesterday.

In the event of one of the large liners sinking, with 3,000 passengers on board, it is certain that one-half of them would be drowned through panic and ignorance of how to use the life-saving appliances.

DROWNED BY LIFEBOUYS.

Passengers are not taught how to put on the lifebelts, and generally treat the fact of having one under their pillow or seat as a huge joke. They do not realise that while they are afloat on the water there is less than half an inch of steel between them and death.

Numbers of persons have lost their lives through putting on the belts the wrong way, which has kept their heads under water.

The arms or neck should be put through the canvas loops and the long strap brought round the body and fastened in front.

The lifebelt must be brought close up under the arms, and bedroom stewards and stewardesses should instruct passengers how to adjust them.

On the river steamers on the Thames and Mersey, that carry from 1,500 to 2,000 passengers, a keel



The cork lifebelt must be worn close up to the shoulders.

should be given away with every ticket, showing how the belts are to be worn.

Large notices should be posted on deck near the boats to instruct the passengers how to utilise the rafts and buoyant seats in the time of peril.

A disaster to one of our present river steamers would cost far more lives than were lost in the Princess Alice in 1878.



The lifebelt in use on all the English liners.

rotten lifebelts ranged on racks to comply with the regulations of the Port as a matter of form.

The annual inspection of the boats and life-saving appliances on American steamers is a farce.

After a good wine luncheon the inspectors walk along smoking cigars, and glance at the lifebelts, which are piled up on the cabin tables or on the hurricane deck.

On board British vessels of all kinds the Board

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER.

(Continued from page 10).

me what has happened, and I will do my best, Amy, to help you—if I can."

"I knew you would do that," muttered the other woman, "and that is why I have come to you. One thing promise me, Margaret, she went on with a rush of desperate courage, "that you will never let your brother know that I am alive or anything about me—never, never! Promise this, for God's sake. I thought Paul was dead. I believed he was dead, on my soul I did, till I heard the truth to-night. I was dining at the Premier's when your strange message came. Oh, Margaret, why is he alive?" She asked the question bitterly. Molly Devine shook her head, her face turning very pale.

"Dining with the Premier," she muttered, half aloud, and then she turned to the other woman and took her cold hand. "Don't be afraid, Amy," she said quickly, "I will never betray your secret. You helped me nobly when there was nothing before me but the workhouse or the river, and I shall not forget it, no, never—never!" She repeated her words with weak insistence. "Let Paul ask me as many questions as he likes; I shall say that I have not seen you for many and many a year," and then she closed her mouth with some decision. "You may be dead and buried, for all I know."

Mrs. Blandford drew a deep breath of intense relief; then she looked up timidly and said, "Thank you, Margaret, I know I can trust you." Then she paused, and added in low tones, "If you ever want money, you will let me help you, won't you, for I'm rich enough?"

"You are very good," replied the other, with her soft smile, "but I make enough for my wants, Amy. So you thought Paul was dead, and it must be a shock to you to find out that he isn't."

"Yes," muttered Amy Blandford, with a little shiver, "but when did he find you out? It must have been difficult to recognise Margaret Carey—in Miss Molly Devine, and yet he found you?" She looked at the other woman with a frightened expression in her blue eyes, her childish under lip trembling.

"Some years ago," answered Miss Devine, "we came across each other by accident. He said hard things, terrible things, to me, but doubtless he thought I deserved them; perhaps I did, and yet I am not quite the outcast he called me." Here she stopped speaking and flushed all over her pale face.

CHAPTER XVII. The Other Man's Chance.

Whilst Mrs. Blandford interviewed Molly Devine at the Union Music Hall, Beatrice Chevenix, little guessing into what questionable society her quondam guest had drifted, was giving Lord Holford a sympathetic account of her friend's fainting attack.

Miss Chevenix had just led the cotton at the Duchess of Hertford's with great success, and was now resting after her exertions.

Now, as she sat in one of the sitting-out rooms, her lap loaded with cotton favours, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, she felt in very truth a queen in her kingdom.

"This was the world to which she really belonged, this artificial world of glow and glitter, tinkling laughter, and heavy intoxicating perfume. She was not made to trudge along life's highway carrying her sheaf with her, and she preferred wax candles and the bal masqué to the fresh pure air of dawn or the soft peace of eve, she had for the time lost touch with nature."

"Quality, quality corner; quality, quality row," Beatrice hummed the words of the old song softly to herself. Yes, she belonged to Quality-corner and the dance of pleasure; it was the only dance she had ever been taught. She glanced at Lord Holford as he sat back in the shadow, and reflected that he would make a very suitable partner. My lord and my lady would foot it gaily till the lights were put out—and then? Ah, but who thinks of eternity or such things nowadays? She reflected with a faint, dim smile of satisfaction how other women would envy her the day she married Lord Holford, and the thought pleased her, for she was built on the usual feminine lines, after all. All at once she began to dream about John Heron, and she could not help contrasting him with the neat, small man who was only waiting his chance to propose. John Heron was a man—yes, a man! She recalled his strong, determined face, his stern mouth, his masterful chin, she glanced at Lord Holford, and all at once got keenly critical.

"Civilisation has refined him down to a mere thread," she thought, half-smilingly; "he is more the creation of his tailor than God; he gets his brains out of other men's books and his ties in Bond-street. He has painfully correct ideas of the right thing and the duty he owes his class, but, as to the world outside, it does not exist for him. Yet he makes a successful politician, and is supposed to understand that many-headed class, 'the People,' with a big capital 'P.' She pulled herself up sharply, for Lord Holford was looking at her, his keen eyes fixed on her troubled face, and, across to all the world though she might sometimes be, she must act her very best to him, so she forced a smile to her lips and began to fan herself.

"Talk to me," she commanded imperiously, "my thoughts begin to bore me; they were clever, nice little thoughts first of all, but now they have danced themselves tired, or I have."

"I want to talk to you," he answered, in a neat, cool voice. "I want to ask you to be my wife."

(To be continued on Monday.)

2/6

FOUNTAIN PEN

Ladies and Gentlemen in almost every walk of life have taken the exceptional opportunity afforded them of procuring a

'DAILY MIRROR' Fountain Pen for 2/6

The pleasurable surprise at the quality—for the pens are really well worth 7s. 6d. each—is shown from the fact that these same readers

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The Nibs are either FINE, MEDIUM, or BROAD.

A COON LULLABY.

Words by
ARTHUR PHILIP COXFORD.

Music by
ELLEN COWDELL.

Andantino.

VOICE. Do you

PIANO.

ask me if the dream in' ob my pic-ca-nin-ny Coon As I

can express.

sit and sing to one I lub do best? I see a

colla voce.

CHORUS. (ad lib.)

Bye, Bye, de lit-tle birds are sleep-in' Hon-ey dear youse gettin' sleep-y too;

Bye, Bye, Bye, Bye, Hon-ey dear youse gettin' sleep-y too;

Bye, Bye, Bye, Bye, Hon-ey dear youse sleep-y too;

1st and 2nd verses.

Shut your tiny baby eyes Dere only just a peep-in' Go to sleep ma Pic-ca-nin-ny do!

Shut your eyes Dere on-ly peep-in' Go to sleep ma Pic-ca-nin-ny do!

Shut your eyes Dere on-ly peep-in' Go to sleep ma Pic-ca-nin-ny do!

3rd verse.

Piccaninny do!

Go to sleep ma Piccaninny do!

Piccaninny do!

Go to sleep ma Piccaninny do!

Piccaninny do!

Go to sleep ma Piccaninny do!

colla voce.

colla voce poco rall.

think in' ob a nigger song dat mem'ry brings to me Back from an ole plan-ta-tion

rall. a tempo.

in do West Bye, Bye, de lit-tle birds am sleep in

rall. a tempo.

Hon-ey dear, youse gettin' sleepy too; Shut your d-ny bab-by eyes Dere

a tempo.

ly jest a peep-in Go to sleep ma Pic-ca-nin-ny do!

colla voce poco rall.

I can seem to see de ribber flow, down by our cabin door,
An' yer daddy wid his banjo on his knee;
To my tender little darlie song he'd softly strum a toon—
And join yer mudder in dis lullaby.

Bye, bye, de little birds am sleepin',
Honey dear, you're gettin' sleepy, too;
Shut your tiny baby eyes,
Dere only jest a-peepin',
Go to sleep, ma piccaninny, do!

Dere's many songs dat I could sing, but none I lub so
well,
For de words bring back dem happy days again;
When I nuss'd a little baby Coon till he went off to sleep—
A listin' to my lullaby refrain.

Bye, bye, de little birds am sleepin',
Honey dear, you're gettin' sleepy too;
Shut your tiny baby eyes,
Dere only jest a-peepin',
Go to sleep, ma Piccaninny, do!

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BALLROOM NOVELTIES.

Dancing Masters Invent Twenty-two New Figures.

No fewer than twenty-two new dances, some of which may be introduced into society next season, were exhibited at Richmond during the annual meeting of the British Association of Teachers of Dancing. Invented by members of the association, they were danced by their inventors with the help of other members.

Of the square dances, the Veleta Cotillon seemed most suited to the modern ball room. It is not too complicated, and combines the slow, backward step of the Veleta with the quicker waltz movement, in a way peculiarly graceful.

It is more dignified than the modern Lancers, and can best be described as a cross between the Lancers and a quadrille.

Conspicuous among the "rounds" were:—
The Society Cake Walk, a considerable advance

so far as grace is concerned, on the present cake-walk; the "Duchess," combining the peaceful waltz with the more energetic barn-dance; the Ito Japanese polka, in which the steps are performed entirely without hops, so giving the Japanese effect; and the "Eddy" waltz, danced holding hands, instead of in the usual way.

A solo, invented and danced by Mr. T. Almond, of Darwen, was greeted with much applause.

A noticeable feature of the exhibition was the introduction of the waltz, in some form or other, into nearly every dance.

SUNG EVERYWHERE.

The extremely successful coon lullaby which we reproduce to-day has added greatly to the reputation of its composer, Miss Ellen Cowdell.

The publishers are Messrs. Willcocks and Co., Limited, of Berners-street, W.

Hitherto Miss Cowdell has been better known as an accompanist, though many of her earlier compositions have had a very favourable reception.

EIFFEL TOWER

The finest Messina Lemons are used in the manufacture of Eiffel Tower Lemonade. You cannot make or buy another beverage that tastes so good or quenches thirst so well. No other drink so healthful, convenient, and inexpensive.

A 4½ BOTTLE MAKES TWO GALLONS OF HOME MADE

LEMONADE



AWFUL GOOD.

IS THERE A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS?

AN INTERVIEW WITH
CANON FLEMING.

By FRED A. MCKENZIE.

War Correspondent for
The "Daily Mail" in Japan.

It is a debatable question whether intemperance is growing or diminishing among us. The three-bottle men have passed from our midst, although their great-grandsons are to-day reaping the fruits of their indulgence, in hereditary gout and the like. Unquestionably we are drinking more. The internal Revenue returns alone make that plain, for in half a century the expenditure on alcohol has multiplied many fold.

While open drunkenness has decreased strikingly among middle-class men, and while the person who indulges to excess in polite society is practically boycotted, intemperance has risen in other ways. Secret drinking among women of the middle class was never so great as to-day. In London, and in the great manufacturing towns of the Midlands, all workers among the poor know the great harm alcoholism is doing among working women. In many parts the women have their regular Monday "sprees," as their husbands have their Saturday off-days. In Manchester, and in the districts around Poplar and Mile End, one can see the women any Monday swarming to the public-houses early in the day, and staying there till evening.

Along with this a new danger has arisen, a danger which attacks the most finely strung of the intellectual classes. The drug habit is not yet so prevalent here as in some of the great cities of America, or as in Paris, but it is growing, and growing rapidly. Among refined women, among men engaged in taxing literary or artistic pursuits, morphinism, the sulphonal habit, chloroform inhibition, and chloral taking are claiming many victims. Even cocaine, the deadliest drug of all, has its followers. The strain of modern life, the multiplicity of our engagements, the rush and hurry and absence of rest which are almost a necessary part of life in our great cities, make the temptation to fly to drugs or to alcohol greater to-day than ever before.

What can be done for those who have fallen under these habits? The majority of them have neither the will nor the strength voluntarily to refrain. All who have worked among these people are familiar with the unwilling drunkards who take the pledge repeatedly, who strive to break the chain that binds them, and who swear to be done with it, but who are dragged back again time after time. These people need no telling of the misery they are bringing on themselves and friends. They know it.

Is there a cure? I recently had my attention drawn to the Keeley method of treating drunkenness, of which the London headquarters are at 9, West Bolton-gardens, South Kensington, London, S.W., a method which, it is claimed,

has during the past nine years been tried on several thousands of people in this country, and has in every case killed the drink craving. Ninety per cent. of these people, all of them once confirmed drunkards or drug-takers, have been, I was told, not only temporarily but permanently cured. Treating inebriety as a disease, the Keeley method deals with it on medical lines. Of medical details it would be absurd for a layman to speak. The Keeley method has provoked the antagonism of the medical authorities in this country by remaining a secret cure. Hence doctors, while they have sent their patients to the Keeley establishment, have been unable to support it openly.

The matter of medical etiquette is an affair that concerns the doctors alone. What I wanted to learn, and to learn from an independent source, was, is the cure really satisfactory and lasting?

Here, happily, there were ready means of ascertaining the truth. Canon Fleming, the well-known Vicar of St. Michael's, Chester-square, London, and for years one of the prominent temperance advocates in this country, has for over nine years closely watched the work of the Keeley cure. In November, 1892, he was appointed hon. chairman of an independent committee formed to inquire into the Keeley treatment, and he has since retained the position.

I saw Canon Fleming in his vicarage and found him a willing witness.

"I am glad," he said, "to tell you what I know of the Keeley treatment, for I have seen it work such wonderful results that it ought to be better known. How I became interested in the matter was thus. In 1892 Dr. Keeley came to this country with his remedy, and was promptly attacked by the leading medical papers. They declared that since he would not make the nature of his treatment public he was not to be supported. Now, you know, this sort of thing is apt to set a man's back up. Some well-known gentlemen in London asked me to allow the use of my schoolroom to discuss the cure. I gladly consented, and offered to take the chair, stipulating, however, that it was to be clearly understood that I came merely as an inquirer, and did not by taking the chair endorse the affair in any way. But I felt that any treatment that made such claims as it did was worth investigating.

"The meeting was a remarkable one. Several Americans who had come from Dr. Keeley's Institute at Dwight, Illinois, testified how they had been cured from habitual and long-standing drunkenness. At the end of the meeting one of my congregation, Mr. William Cunard, moved, and Mr. Amos Scholfield, the temperance reformer, seconded, that an independent committee be formed to obtain information, and in due course prepare a report on the results of Dr. Keeley's treatment. I was chosen as chairman of this committee, and the other members nominated at this meeting were Dr. James Edmunds, of the London Temperance Hospital; Mr. James H. Raper, the veteran temperance advocate; Mr. William Saunders, M.P.; and Mr. W. Hind Smith, of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. Later the committee itself added to its members Mr. Cunard, Mr. Scholfield, and Dr. Donald Baynes. Mr. Saunders and Mr. Cunard found themselves unable to take an active part on the committee, and after a time Dr. Baynes and Dr. Edmunds felt it necessary to withdraw on account of the cure being a secret one.

"The committee set to work to investigate what the Keeley cure was doing, and what its permanent results were on people adopting it in this country. As you know, the system does not employ any restraint or outward compulsion. The man taking the cure is allowed alcohol when he first enters the Institute. An injection under the skin is given

four times a day—at nine a.m., at one p.m., at five p.m., and at nine p.m.—and at the same time a powerful tonic is administered. Men come almost on the verge of, or in, delirium tremens. On the first day they drink; the second day they drink—but not so much; by the third or fourth day, by their own free will, they refuse to touch it. An aversion has sprung up in them to alcohol in any shape or form. The craving is gone. The treatment lasts a month, or, in cases of drug-taking, often five or six weeks. I have seen men start perfect wrecks, and go out at the end with their bleared eyes bright, their will-power restored, their manhood brought back. The cures I have seen seem to me almost miraculous.

"Once a year our committee met, when all the cases that had been treated were invited to meet us. Large numbers came up at their own expense. I remember one man told me he had been in a well-known inebriate home. 'I was,' he said, 'there for nine months, and though I was kept from the drink, I would have given anything to have it. I would have dashed my arm through the glass window to get a brandy bottle any day. The day I came out of the inebriate home I went straight back to the liquor, and was quite drunk by five o'clock that afternoon. My brother, who came to meet me, brought me away that night to the Keeley home. My craving was killed there. I do not want to drink now.'

"Let me recall another case, in some ways the most striking I have met. One day, when as a member of the committee I visited the Keeley establishment, then located in Portland-place, I saw there a man with bloodshot eyes and an angry and resentful air—the kind of man one would not have cared to meet alone in a dark lane at night. He looked ready to do anything. I watched that man afterwards. I saw how he changed, how he became sober and an active temperance worker. Later on he told me his story. 'I began to drink,' he said, 'when I was a middy. I kept on and on, till at last I would drink anything I could lay my lips on, and in consequence was dismissed from Her Majesty's service. Then I entered the Chinese service and my drunkenness disgraced me there. I could not resist the drink. I tried the treatment, a desperate man whose life had been ruined. Afterwards I found myself able to go among my old friends when they were drinking, surrounded by spirits and wines of every kind, and not even wish to touch them.'

"I remember," Canon Fleming continued, "one Sunday after Holy Communion service one of my curates remarked to me about a lady who had refused the cup in the service. I had noticed it, too, and while we were talking my clerk came in and said that a lady in the church wished to speak with me. It was the same lady.

"Canon Fleming," she said, 'I want your advice. I have in the past given way to intemperance. My husband, an officer in Her Majesty's service, has had to leave me because of it. I have gone through the Keeley treatment, and have been perfectly cured, but have resolved never again to taste wine in any shape or form, even in the Sacrament. I want to know, Canon Fleming, if I am wrong in this. Do you think that I am a coward in being afraid even to sip it in church?'

"Madam," I said, 'I think you are quite right. So far from being a coward, I think it the bravest thing you have ever done in your life. God, who knows it all, will look at your heart.'

"Afterwards I learned her story. Her husband occupied a prominent position, and she had terribly disgraced him by her drinking habits. Time after time she would be carried in by the police to her home drunk. At last the husband had left her. I wrote to him, telling him of his wife's cure, and asking him to come and see her. He replied, 'It is no use your writing to me; nothing could reform my wife. I have tried everything for her,

and everything has failed.' But eventually he was reconciled to her. 'I always thought,' he said, 'my wife could have stopped if she wanted to. I never realised that with her this was a disease.' They started their home again, and to-day that wife is a sober and a happy woman, well known in high circles.

"I could go on," Canon Fleming continued, "giving you cases of all kinds that I have seen. I have watched them, not only for a month, but year after year since 1892.

"Clergymen? Yes, I am sorry to say that more than fifty of them have been through the cure. Forty-four of these are to-day well and back at work. I have seen men of every class, and women, too.

"Does the cure last? I have carefully kept track of it for nine years, and have seen the cases from the beginning permanently remain steady. I am often asked if it does not injure the brain in some ways. I can only say, with Dr. de Wolf, that it is drink which injures and beclouds the brain. This cure will give men back their brain clear and unclouded again.

"I well remember, soon after I took the chairmanship of the committee, my old friend, Sir Andrew Clarke, the great physician, stopped me one day. 'Canon,' he said, 'I am amazed that a man of your influence should lend himself to the work of this quack Keeley. Here is a man who says he has a cure for drunkenness, and keeps it secret.'

"Well, Sir Andrew," I replied, 'from your point of view your objection may be very well. I can quite understand that doctors should be bound by the rules of the profession, which compel them to discontinue secret remedies, but I am not a doctor, though I am a physician's son. I am a free-lance, and the rules of your medical profession do not bind me. I want first of all to find out if this treatment is really the good thing it professes to be, and I shall be quite ready to discuss the question of its secret nature afterwards. Besides, supposing it is secret now, no good thing can be secret for ever. I am not sure that your medical rule of preventing men benefiting from their discoveries is not against the law of patents. Had it been in force in the Middle Ages we should have lost many of the great discoveries that have come down to us to-day, for men would have had no incentive to investigation.'

"And so I say still, the question of the secrecy or otherwise of this great cure is with me quite a secondary matter. The real question is, does it achieve what it claims to do? I have found that it does, and my confidence in it is stronger than ever."

Further investigations among others who had watched the workings of the Keeley method confirmed Canon Fleming's views. Frankly, I do not understand how the Keeley treatment does its work. On the face of it, it appears incredible that any medicines should in a month eradicate the craving created by it, may be, a score of years of excess. Those of us who have had opportunities of watching dipsomaniacs know best the terrible nature of the slavery that holds them. For slavery truly it is, in which every moment of enjoyment is paid for by hours of misery and shame and physical suffering.

Yet the total evidence which came to me in many ways showed that by some physical process, by some change of appetite or treatment of the degenerate tissue, the craving for stimulants or narcotics is cut away almost at a stroke.

One would naturally expect that such a change would only be produced at the cost of great physical disturbance. This is not so. Instead of being depressed, the patients are, in every case I came across, physically improved. The keynote of the system is that drunkenness is a disease, to be treated as such.

Mr. Fisher's c by The Tartar—Hautaine	Private	8 1
Mr. W. H. Millard's Give and Take	Low	8 1
Mr. J. B. Joel's The Greek	Merton	8 1

IREMONGER'S RECORD.

Kent, Thanks to Humphreys,
Make a Game Fight—But
Notts Could Win.

JOHN GUNN INJURED.

Playing at the wickets for another two hours at Trent Bridge yesterday, Notts increased their overnight total of 418 to 602, the six outstanding wickets adding 184 runs. Making this high score the home county were at the wickets for seven hours and ten minutes.

The chief interest naturally centred in the doings of Iremonger, who, going in first on Thursday, had made 221 not out. He speedily passed Fry's 226, the previous highest individual score of the season, and carried his total to 272 before playing on. He was fifth out at 523. Yesterday he added 51 more runs in eighty minutes, and was altogether batting for six hours and forty minutes. He gave another chance, three fourths during his innings, but his last piece of luck availed him little.

In such a long innings the blemishes were few, and the display must rank as a great one. The leading features of his batting were tremendously hard driving, and clean cutting. His chief hits were thirty-nine 4's.

How To Get Out.

The remaining batsmen, acting under orders, simply endeavoured to make runs rapidly at all costs, and Wassa finished off the innings by deliberately knocking down his wicket.

Kent began their long, uphill task shortly before 9 o'clock, and stayed in until half-past six, scoring in the first three quarters 240 for the loss of eight wickets. The great feature of the batting was a splendid innings by Humphreys, who surpassed anything he had previously done for the county. Going in first, he was sixth out at 182 for a finely-placed 97.

For his defence he displayed sound judgment, offering a strong defence and hitting well all round the wicket. He did not give the least chance, and hardly made a bad stroke. He hit thirteen 4's.

Harrison made a capital first appearance in important cricket, keeping in for an hour and making a favourable impression. He plays with a straight bat, and showed that he is possessed of a variety of strokes.

The Notts bowling was greatly weakened by the absence of John Gunn, who was so badly hit on the knee when batting that he could not work.

As the game stands Kent, with only two wickets left, still require 213 runs to avoid a follow-on.

Present score and analysis:—

NOTTS.		HARDISTY, at Murrell's	
A. O. Jones, c Penn b	14	Hardisty, at Murrell's	25
Fielder, not out	14	Fielder, not out	14
Murrell, c Penn b	85	Murrell, c Penn b	85
Gunn (R.), c Hearne b	85	Gunn (R.), c Hearne b	85
Humphreys, c Penn b	9	Humphreys, c Penn b	9
Gunn (R.), b Fielder	9	Gunn (R.), b Fielder	9
Day, c Murrell b	4	Day, c Murrell b	4
Murrell, c Penn b	55	Murrell, c Penn b	55
Fielder, not out	18	Fielder, not out	18
Total		602	

KENT.

A. O. Jones, c Penn b	14	F. Penn, jun., c and b	2
Fielder, not out	14	Wassa, c and b	2
Murrell, c Penn b	85	Humphreys, c and b	37
Gunn (R.), c Hearne b	85	Jones, c and b	19
Humphreys, c Penn b	9	Seymour, c and b	15
Gunn (R.), b Fielder	9	Fielder, not out	15
Day, c Murrell b	4	Fielder, not out	15
Murrell, c Penn b	55	Fielder, not out	15
Fielder, not out	18	Fielder, not out	15
Total		240	

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

NOTTS.—First Innings.		O. m. r. w.	
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2
Fielder	40	165	2

WORCESTER'S FINE BATTING.

There was a varied and interesting display in this match at Worcester yesterday, and although the home team had to follow 226 in the first innings, they were able to make a commendable feature of their batting. Not only did the eleven face so poorly that they were able to get out for the meagre total of 44, but they sustained a great blow in losing the services of Arnold. That able cricketer was well enough to have been got rid of, but yesterday his indisposition became aggravated, and he had to go home and take to his bed and call in medical aid. He will take no part in the match, and naturally his steady defence was greatly missed by Worcester.

Yorkshire did not add to their overnight total of 447, but they were able to get out for the meagre total of 44, but they sustained a great blow in losing the services of Arnold. That able cricketer was well enough to have been got rid of, but yesterday his indisposition became aggravated, and he had to go home and take to his bed and call in medical aid. He will take no part in the match, and naturally his steady defence was greatly missed by Worcester.

Then H. K. Foster and Isaac, who were both commendable steadiness, and added an invaluable 67 in an hour and twenty minutes. No one else save Bird gave Foster any serious trouble, the innings terminating at 211, the home captain being the last to leave for a magnificent 118 for his score. He was batting three hours, and he hit eighteen 4's. He did not give a chance, and he scored a bad stroke.

Following on Worcester did much better, Bowley and Pearson being a reassuring stand, and by confident cricket they scored 134 runs in less than two hours, and were still unbeaten at 630. It was an admirable performance, the innings terminating at 211, the home captain being the last to leave for a magnificent 118 for his score. He was batting three hours, and he hit eighteen 4's. He did not give a chance, and he scored a bad stroke.

Present score and analysis:—

Tunallife, b Arnold	5	Lord Hawke, c Wheldon	7
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	W. Wilson, c and b	7
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35

WORCESTER'S.

Bowley, b Bird	3	A. W. Isaac, b Bird	31
Pearson, c and b	119	Pearson, c and b	119
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87
H. Wilson, b Bird	35	H. Wilson, b Bird	35
Wheldon, c and b	87	Wheldon, c and b	87

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

YORKSHIRE.—First Innings.		O. m. r. w.	
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1

WORCESTER'S.—First Innings.

Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1
Arnold	25	8	1

DERBY'S UPHILL FIGHT.

So well did Derbyshire play their uphill game at Leyton yesterday, that they have a very fair chance of winning, Essex at the close wanting 191 runs for victory, and having seven wickets to fall. The visitors began by getting the last two Essex wickets for 3 runs, the last secured by superior all-round work on Thursday, being increased to 122.

Facing these heavy arrears, Derbyshire for a long time seemed likely to make a poor show, but they eventually reached in four hours and a half.

For this great improvement Cadman was mainly responsible. Coming into the attack at 11.15, he bowled 5 runs in thirty-five minutes out of 36 added by the fifth partner, Wright hitting most brilliantly during this time.

After lunch Cadman showed much more freedom, completing 100 in an hour and a half. He ran to three figures in the last hour, and altogether batting three hours for his 126, by far his highest score in important cricket.

Meeting the constantly varying bowling with confidence, Cadman never seemed to flinch, giving no chance, and rarely allowing the ball to pass his defence. Among his figures were two 5's and eleven 4's. Cadman had a most valuable partner in Humphreys, who helped him to put on 134 in ninety-five minutes for the eighth wicket.

Wanting 225 runs to win, Essex went in just before half-past five, and at a tallish rate they faced badly, losing three men for 37, and then, at twenty past six, an appeal by McGee resulted in play ceasing for the day.

Present score and analysis:—

DERBYSHIRE.		Second Innings.	
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88
L. G. Wright, c McGee	27	C. McGee, b Tremlin	88

ESSEX.

F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10
F. L. Fane, c Ollivierre	8	b Warren	10

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

DERBYSHIRE.—First Innings.		O. m. r. w.	
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1

WORCESTER'S.—First Innings.

Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1
Buckham	19	4	1

LEACH'S VALIANT EFFORT.

For the greater part of yesterday at Old Trafford Sussex were engaged on what seemed the hopeless task of saving the follow-on, for, after going in against the Leach-Harvey attack, they lost four wickets for 60, and later, at four o'clock, had eight men out for 163, with only Butt, Leach, and Tate to bat. The two bowlers, however, displayed splendid resolution and grit, each making useful scores, and the expected rain caused a forty-five minutes' delay. After that, with the bowlers handicapped by the wet grass, Leach and Harvey were not only retained, but the aggregate was carried to 232 before the side were out, at five minutes to six.

This last partnership added 38 runs, and everyone was sorry that Leach should have just missed his 50. Both Fry and Ranjitsingh failed to come up to expectation, but each made useful scores. Self also hit well, but, everything considered, the batting was not so good as Leach's, who exhibited the most confidence at a trying time, and his crispness and accuracy that should ensure him a rise in the ranks.

Leach, holding a lead of 137, went in last night, but rain came on before a ball was bowled, and the match was drawn.

Present score and analysis:—

A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104
A. C. MacLaren, c Cox	1	(Sharp, not out)	104

LANCASHIRE.

(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104
(Sharp, not out)	104	(Sharp, not out)	104

SUSSEX.

C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30
C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30	C. B. Fry, b Brerley	30

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

LANCASHIRE.—First Innings.		O. m. r. w.	
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2

SUSSEX.—First Innings.

Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2
Self	40	165	2

LEICESTERSHIRE BEAT M.C.C.

At Lord's yesterday Leicestershire beat the Marylebone Club by an innings and 133 runs, the match coming to an end shortly before half-past six.

Full score:—

C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53
C. J. B. Wood, run out	53	Cox, c and b Hearse	53

M.C.C. AND GROUND.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18
Capt. Woodard, c Crawford	0	c Allopp b Gill	18

SOUTH AFRICANS' FINE WIN.

Following up in splendid style the advantage they had gained on Thursday, the South Africans defeated Warwickshire at Birmingham yesterday by ten wickets.

Full score:—

WARWICKSHIRE.		Second Innings.	
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29
T. S. Fishwick, c Sinclair	44	b Kotze	29

SOUTH AFRICANS.

